

# THE DUBLIN REVIEW

January to June, 1919

Half-Yearly Vol. 164

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# The Dublin Review

JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1919

## LETTERS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN

Communicated, with a Commentary, by  
Cardinal Gasquet.

### I

WE English Catholics owe so much to Cardinal Wiseman that any addition to our knowledge of his work can hardly fail to be of interest. Quite recently a great many letters written by him, when he was Archbishop of Westminster, have come to light in the Venerable English College at Rome, and the Rector has placed them in my hands. They were written by the Cardinal to Monsignor Talbot, who occupied a confidential position at the Vatican during the whole of the time from the re-establishment of the English Hierarchy to Wiseman's death, and they were intended to give Pope Pius IX, through Talbot, an account of the progress of religion in England.

Monsignor Talbot is best known perhaps in connection with Cardinal Manning's appointment as the successor of Wiseman in the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster. In the *Life of Manning*, by Purcell, Talbot is made to appear in a very unfavourable light, as an underhand, if not a wholly unscrupulous, plotter, who, in the words of a modern writer, "used his influence as he alone knew how." Yet Monsignor Talbot was in reality a very different person, and had many friends, as his unpub-

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lished correspondence shows. For years he exercised a great influence in Rome in regard to English affairs ; and in a letter written by Wiseman from Rome, on September 13th, 1850, to Mr. Bagshawe, telling him that the re-establishment of the Hierarchy had been determined upon, the chief thanks for this is attributed to the Monsignor.\* Not only was Talbot in constant correspondence with Wiseman, but he was the recipient of numerous letters from all the most important Bishops of England and Ireland. It is to be hoped that some day the publication of some of these letters, which prove the entire confidence of so many great ecclesiastics in Monsignor Talbot and their reliance on his discretion and judgment, may change the unfavourable opinion of him which apparently exists at present by reason of the ill-natured remarks of those who knew very little about him.

Before referring to the Wiseman-Talbot correspondence, I may be allowed, perhaps, to allude briefly to some letters of Wiseman to Cardinal Acton, which have recently come under my notice whilst I was arranging some papers in the Vatican Archives. The first of these documents is a very long Memorandum, written in Italian in 1838, whilst Wiseman was still Rector of the English College, regarding the question of his remaining on in Rome or returning to work in England. Many of his friends in Rome and elsewhere were urging him to remain in the Eternal City, where he had made for himself a great position as a scholar, a lecturer, and a preacher. They feared that, were he to proceed to England, he would have to abandon the great work he was doing for the Church now that he had won for himself a European reputation as a distinguished Orientalist, in correspondence with the foremost scholars of France, Germany and England ; and that he would rapidly become engulfed in the details of administration of one of the English Vicariates. On the other hand, Wiseman's experiences whilst in England in 1835-6, the position he had then

\* Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*.



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gained for himself in the pulpit of the old Sardinian Chapel and at Moorfields, and as a writer, and as founder of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* in conjunction with the great Daniel O'Connell, seemed to show him that his proper sphere of work now lay in England. He felt the call of his country on him. Besides this, the many friends he had made during his stay in London were most insistent that it was his duty to come and serve the interests of the Church at this particular time, when the Anglican Establishment was in the early throes of the Tractarian Movement, and some one with his full knowledge was needed to watch "the moving of the waters" on the spot. In the *Apologia* Newman speaks of this time as follows: "Monsignor Wiseman, with the acuteness and zeal which might be expected from that great Prelate, had anticipated what was coming, had returned to England by 1836, had delivered lectures in London on the doctrines of Catholics, and created an impression through the country, shared in by ourselves, that we had for our opponents in controversy not only our brethren but our hereditary foes."

But Wiseman had returned to Rome and the question with him was what should he do. Against the attraction of Rome he had to set the call of the blood; against his great position amongst the scholars of the Eternal City, he had to balance his conviction that he ought to return home for the general good of the Church in England. After a period of reflection, in 1838, he set the issue before Cardinal Acton, in the Long Memorandum referred to; and, in order that the Cardinal might lay the matter before the Roman authorities, he drew it up in Italian. In this paper, Dr. Wiseman says that, after long deliberation and earnest prayer, he had come to the conclusion that God's call was to England, but that he left the decision to the congregation of Propaganda. He quotes from many letters he had received from friends in England urging him not to delay, but "to come over and help" them. Amongst others who thus wrote were, Digby, the author of *Mores Catholici*, Pugin,

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Dr. Maguire, Dr. Tandy of Banbury, and Robertson, the translator of Möehler and Schlegel. These were backed up by the wishes of the existing Vicars-Apostolic, who strongly insisted that Wiseman's place was in England, and the Roman authorities, although unwilling to lose the services of so eminent a scholar in Rome, could no longer oppose the universal wish.

The summer of 1839 was again passed by Dr. Wiseman in England, where he greatly added to his reputation and increased the desire of English Catholics that he should be allowed to come permanently to the country. In 1840, therefore, the Pope gave his consent. It was at this time that the number of Vicars-Apostolic in England was increased from four to eight, and it became necessary to make choice of four new Bishops. Some of the Vicars-Apostolic, and notably Dr. Baines of the Western district, urged that Wiseman should be appointed to one of the new Vicariates. Ultimately, however, according to his own desire, he was named in May, 1840, as coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Walsh of the Midland district, who designated him as Rector of the College at Oscott, and prepared a library there for his theological and literary work.

Wiseman left Rome on August 1st, 1840, and reached England on September 5th. At his last stopping-place in Belgium, before crossing to England, he received news from Rome that, in spite of his appointment as coadjutor of Dr. Walsh, Dr. Baines was still working to get this set aside, and to have him appointed to one of the new Vicariates in the north of England. On receiving this information, Wiseman wrote, on September 2nd, to Cardinal Acton begging him to do all in his power to prevent this proposal of Dr. Baines being accepted by Propaganda, and pointing out that it would be the destruction of all the plans he had formed for work in England. If he were to be sent to the north of England he would be obliged to give up his studies, which at the moment, in view of the movement in Anglican circles, he considered to be highly important. Cardinal Acton

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agreed with this view, and nothing more was heard of the Baines scheme.

Meanwhile Dr. Wiseman pushed on to England and took possession of his new post as Rector of Oscott and coadjutor to Bishop Walsh. He reached the College on September 16th, and was received with full Pontifical ceremonial, an account of which he wrote to Cardinal Acton. In this same letter he refers to an objection, or rather a warning of Acton's, to beware lest too great insistence on general prayers for the Conversion of England should exasperate the High Church party, and he answers it by forwarding an extract from *The British Critic*, which it was understood had been penned by Newman. At the end of the letter, he speaks of the new Church, St. Chad's at Birmingham, which was then nearly roofed in, as "a magnificent building"; and he gives great praise also to the "beautiful new Church at Dudley."

Two other letters addressed by Dr. Wiseman to Cardinal Acton, in 1843, contain some interesting items in regard to the progress of Catholicity. On New Year's Day he writes of the reception into the Church of the Rev. B. Smith, Rector of Ledenham. "The past year," he adds, "has brought its consolations. During the twelve months there have been more converts than for ten years previously. Recently, I baptized in the Cathedral at Nottingham a Mr. Richards, a Unitarian. He is a public lecturer on Astronomy, and expects that some fifteen of his pupils will take the same step. On the second Sunday of Advent I received the abjuration of thirty-six in the Cathedral before High Mass, and in a few weeks we shall receive fifty more. On Sunday next I am to go to Wolverhampton to receive twenty into the Church, and in many other places much also is being done."

In this same letter, Dr. Wiseman speaks of the great desire of many Catholics in England to see the restoration of the Hierarchy, and of their disappointment if the late increase in the number of Vicars-Apostolic should

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postpone indefinitely the establishment of the normal Episcopal Government. Some people are getting up an agitation on this matter, which he considers hardly wise. "Dr. Rock," for instance, "has founded, in London, what is called a 'Brotherhood' for promoting the restoration of the Hierarchy. They have printed a circular calling on the clergy to join and to form 'District' branches of the Brotherhood, which has been done without the slightest reference to the Vicars-Apostolic." This, he adds, cannot be allowed; and he tells Cardinal Acton that he (Wiseman) "will take care that no branch is founded in this District."

On September 1st, 1843, Dr. Wiseman wrote to Rome an account of the examination into the affairs of Prior Park he had been commissioned to make. On the death of Bishop Baines, the finances of the Western District were found to be in a very involved state, and he explains the serious nature of the problem to the Roman authorities. Having been asked his opinion as to the appointment of a bishop for the vacant Vicariate, Dr. Wiseman considered that "no *Regular* would have much chance of success." If, however, it should be determined by the Holy See to appoint a Regular, in his opinion the best choice would be that of the Benedictine, Mr. Wilson. He would be in favour of the appointment of Dr. Brindle, "who had advanced £1,000, had got his uncle to lend £4,000, and Mr. King of Bath £11,000, to meet the immediate needs of the College. If, however, the fact of Dr. Brindle's being a secularized Benedictine were considered an objection, he would propose the name of Dr. Baggs."

In the autumn of 1850, Dr. Wiseman was in Rome in connection with the proposed restoration of the Hierarchy in England. On September 13th, he wrote to Mr. Bagshawe telling him that he found the Pope and Cardinals entirely favourable to the idea, and that it would probably be carried out at once. He says that "the addresses and letters received have done much good, and Monsignor Talbot still more."

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Wiseman was proclaimed Cardinal in the Consistory held on September 30th, 1850, the Pope's Brief re-establishing the Hierarchy being dated the previous day. This event was formally published as the first act of the new Cardinal on October 7th in the Pastoral dated "from out the Flaminian Gate of Rome." He left the Eternal City on his return to England on October 12th, and reached Florence on the 15th, whence he wrote a long letter to Monsignor Talbot describing his reception by the Archduke and Court of Tuscany, and "the princely and affectionate hospitality" accorded to him "by Mr. Sloane,\* an old kind friend, my tutor at Ushaw, now a very rich man, living in great splendour" in Florence. At the end of his letter to Monsignor Talbot (October 19th, 1850) he writes :

"Now I come to my principal points . . . First, *The Globe* (Lord Palmerston's paper) has a most clever and insidious article about Turin, furnished by Abercrombie, or written by Lord P——, defending the conduct of the Government, and trying to throw the whole blame on His Holiness. It enumerates all the people sent to him (including Rosmini) as having gone expressly to treat, which the Pope told me was not true, and that he refused ; and it threatens the Holy Father, with Piedmont's separating itself from the Church. Now, could I have a copy of any documents ? Of course I could confute the calumnious statements of this Article and others if I had full documentary evidence, as I did in Achilli's case."

Cardinal Wiseman's last halt on the Continent was at Bruges, where letters awaited him describing the ferment which had been caused in England by the re-establishment of the Hierarchy and by his approaching return to

\* Mr. Sloane had come from England to be the tutor of the sons of Count Boutourline, a Russian general, whose wife became a Catholic and obtained from him permission to have their children educated in her faith. In Florence Mr. Sloane married a lady with a small fortune, which he was persuaded to invest in some mining shares, and which turned out of great value. He remained on in Florence and bought the Villa Medici at Careggi, where he was a great benefactor to the various charities, and built the *façade* of the Church of Sta. Croce.

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the country as a Roman Cardinal. One of these communications was from Dr. Doyle, and Wiseman immediately forwarded it to Monsignor Talbot that he might be able to give the Pope the latest news of the situation. He then started for London, which he reached on November 11th, and at once threw all his energies into the work of confronting and mastering the storm. On the very day of his arrival he set to the composition of his *Appeal to the English People*, which had the immediate effect of changing the current of popular feeling.

### II

[*The Cardinal's first letter of the series to Talbot was dated from London, December 9th, 1850.*]

I know you will be anxiously expecting to hear from me, and although I have often been intending to write, the pressure of business has been so great that I have not been able to do so. I spent a few days at Danesfield, where I thought I should have found leisure, but just at the moment there came a sort of dark cloud over our affairs which obliged me to occupy myself with them more. Do not suppose that I mean any depression in myself, or any real apprehension; on the contrary, thank God, I have put myself so completely and confidently in His hands, I have such unbounded trust in the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, and, moreover, I see so plainly that all that the Holy Father has done has been God's work, that I have never for a moment flinched or quailed. There have, indeed, been moments of great anxiety and serious reflexion as to the course to be pursued; but I have always felt most wonderfully supported and encouraged. . . .

The first great effort of the excitement, through the Press, was to keep me out of the country by frightening me. Many timid Catholics were going to write to me, for God's sake not to come over, as my life was not safe. In all this they did not succeed; but I must remark one thing which I should like His Holiness to know. After



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the first delay at Florence, I travelled as quick as I possibly could. I got to Liége just in time to find (what I had never thought of) that London's 5th of November was over. I believe that had I been here that day, something very disagreeable might have occurred, for the people were fearfully urged on. The Protestant Association at Exeter Hall contributed, it is said, £1,400 towards that day; Hoare's house gave £100, and so on. For several days, or evenings, groups of people, evidently sent, were about Golden Square. My arrival in London, my going at once to St. George's, and doing everything calmly and without showing either fear or forwardness, had a most beneficial effect.

The next trial was my publicly officiating. While at St. George's I said Mass every morning at 8 in the Madonna Chapel, so there was no concealment. But many people feared a *row* on our first function. I did not, because, independently of higher reasons, I had seen how orderly everything had been at all our Churches, notwithstanding the disturbances in Bennett's Church. On Friday it was thought better to admit by ticket; and, though no pains were taken to make the thing public, we had a full church and about 150 priests. I preached and assisted at Mass. Nothing could exceed the decorum and respect shown by all. On Sunday the church was open, and you may judge of the crowds when I tell you that the *take* was £94. I had received continual warnings that I should be shot or attacked on that day; but, of course, I despised all that. I sang High Mass and preached as usual to an immense congregation. In the evening the church was crammed, and I gave my first of three lectures on the Hierarchy. Everyone seemed completely absorbed in the subject. Through the whole day there was not a disagreeable occurrence, crowd, pressure, or trouble at all. I had done a thing I never did before. I wrote the lecture before, and it was all in type by twelve at night on Saturday. It was published for 1d. this morning. We gave it to some papers, not, of course, to the *Times*. You may now, therefore, consider all danger of tumult

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or commotion at an end. As for myself, I have not experienced the slightest approach to an insult, or any other behaviour than the most respectful.

There is now no apprehension of any Government or Parliamentary measures against us. Roebuck, Cobden, Hume, Sir B. Hall, and all the ultra-liberals are determined we shall not be molested. The Whigs the same; and the Tories will not help Lord John. Besides, all the Cabinet are against him in this. A declaration is being signed by a great number of M.P.'s against any legislative enactments whatever.

Conversions are going on at a great rate. At the Oratory they say they have never received so many. And Newman told some one the other day that he was *bothered* by the number of people coming to be received. In the little dead city of Canterbury, under the very nose of John Bird Cantuar, twelve persons have at one time put themselves under instruction, including a niece of Sir W. Scott (Miss Peat) and Miss Stephanoff, daughter of the artist. Archdeacon Manning and Dodsworth are considered certain, and most probably Bennett and Archdeacon Wilberforce. In a few days we shall hear of Lord Dunraven and Mr. Monsell, M.P.; Lord Norreys I consider very hopeful. I saw him in Belgium, and he sees Lord Arundel and Surrey almost daily; Lord Nelson likewise, and others. Mr. Rogers, Dr. Hook's curate, has been received by Oakeley. A declaration has been signed by at least twenty clergymen that the Church of England must ask reconciliation with the Holy See: 1,800 have signed the declaration against the Royal Supremacy.

The sale of Catholic books is unprecedented. Jones is cleaned out. In consequence of a letter in the *Times* against *The Daily Companion*, Rockcliffe, of Liverpool, sold 800 copies; *The Weekly Dispatch*, which in common with all the popular papers has been steadily with us, has defended the book splendidly.

As to our general position, I conceive that we have gained immensely. The Hierarchy is now firmly estab-



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lished in spite of one of the most truly *infernal* or *demoniacal* storms ever raised against the Church. All true Catholics feel this. The rage of our enemies has been unaccountable except as a Satanical effort ; but everyone begins to be ashamed, and the tables are being turned against the English Church.

I do not see that anything ought to have been done otherwise than it has been. Without any personal feeling on the subject, I believe that, if I had not been sent back, there would have been serious difficulties in establishing the Hierarchy. I have borne the entire brunt of the excitement ; the other Bishops have escaped almost unnoticed ; and as I have broad shoulders and some public estimation and good friendship among the aristocracy, I could stand a great deal.

[*Wiseman wrote again to Monsignor Talbot on December 30th, 1850.*]

Some of the most active men (*e.g.*, Roebuck) want to have as accurate an account as possible of the conversation of His Holiness with Lord Minto. If, therefore, you can ask His Holiness to repeat what took place and send it *talé quale*, it will be a good help.

I consider the hubbub is nearly at an end. The papers are giving it up ; and people on all sides are getting heartily ashamed of it. Cobden, at Leeds, expressed his fear lest the reaction in our favour should go too far, and Popery triumph, which he would consider dangerous to liberty. The interest and curiosity about us remain unimpaired, or rather increase. I have finished my course of three Lectures on the Hierarchy ; St. George's was crowded beyond precedent on the third night. The lecture was out on Monday morning ; on Friday there was not a copy left of 30,000. This is quite unprecedented.

Even the *Globe*, which has been very violent, has just said that the tide is setting in in our favour, and that conversions are only at their beginning to what they will be. Sergeant Bellasis came to me, and I sent him on Friday to Father Brownbill for confession, and gave him

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Communion and Confirmation on Saturday. To-day I have sent Mr. Dodsworth for the same, and hope to give him Communion on New Year's day. He tells me that Manning is as decided as himself (he has resigned his living), and is only waiting for a short time, as he is always very cautious. I believe he is waiting for Gladstone to return. I now begin to expect Gladstone to follow him, especially if James Hope does, which seems certain. Sir Vere de Vere and, I hope, his brother Aubrey are about sure. Sir Vere is coming over to Grace Dieu. Mr. Todd (an excellent young man), late curate in Bristol, will go to Rome to study. He will call on you. I saw a Rev. Mr. Walford yesterday from Bath, on his way to Hibbert's to be received.

Assure the Holy Father that every day convinces not only me, but all Catholics, more and more that religion has been pushed on inestimably by all that has happened.

Protestants feel it too ; and the contrast between the Anglicans and the Catholics in the late row is telling greatly for us. The address of the Catholic nobility has had a powerful effect. There is not a name wanting : except the *delinquents*. Sir C. Constable and Sir T. de Trafford never signed anything before. Sir W. Codrington (a convert) has also sent to have his name put down.

[*The Cardinal's next letter is dated February 3rd, 1851.*]

The Rev. Mr. Harper preached, I believe, his last sermon yesterday—he will no doubt join us and bring twenty or thirty. The Rev. Dr. Jerrard, of Bristol College (with whom I had a battle about the London University a few years ago, and who never entered a church till last year he went into the Oratory) is just going to be received.

[*On April 5th, 1851, the Cardinal wrote from St. George's, Southwark.*]

My dear Talbot,—I have good news for you. Arch-deacon Manning has just been with me ; he will be

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received to-morrow morning by Father Brownbill ; and James Hope in a day or two. Baddeley will, no doubt, follow immediately, and I shall begin to hope for Gladstone and others. Further, I have sent you by this post a *Times*, which contains the account of the reception of seven Leeds or Yorkshire clergymen, with twelve or fourteen laity. The clergy are going to take a house in their former parish, so as to be in the midst of the people. Report speaks of some hundreds as likely to follow. They will have a priest living with them, and so study.

Ex-Archdeacon Manning will no doubt study for the Church, and I think ought to be promoted rapidly—he is most learned, as you know. At any rate, I will give him the tonsure as soon as possible, that he may not lapse into *Esq.*

I am staying at St. George's, giving a retreat. MacMullen gives one lecture and I two meditations a day. I have given a course of four sermons at Spanish Place, now St. James's, to crowded audiences, on "Devotion to Our Lord's Humanity," which will be printed ; also four lectures here on *Rome and the Papal Power*, most crowdedly and eagerly followed ; we never had such audiences. On leaving St. James's every evening 500 persons outside gave me three hearty cheers. What should I do without St. George's ? I think much good would be lost. I was going to write to you, and will in a few days, about the new Bishop. The worst anti-Roman clergy in England are in Southwark—Tierney, Costigan (supposed to be alluded to by Lord John), Rock, North, etc.—are either actively or passively opposed to all progress, and are working to get Dr. Cox. It would be fatal. But I will write again.—Yours affectionately in Christ, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

[*This promise of another letter was kept on April 14th, 1851.*]

Yesterday I confirmed Manning, Hope, and Baddeley—having present the Bethells, Monsell, Bellasis, Allies and Dodsworth—a fine collection, you will allow. But I

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did more. I knew how much Manning would feel the *ignominia sæcularis habitus*, the being an *Esquire*, after seventeen years of a devout ministry, with a most clerical appearance and leading a most strict life ; so I did not hesitate to give him the tonsure at once, and so admit him into the clergy. His wish is to remain near me and study rapidly, so as to help many who are hanging on him and will follow him. He has been studying nothing but Catholic theology for years, and reading our ascetic books. He will at once begin with moral theology, and I will carry him rapidly to the priesthood to satisfy his own earnest devotion and enable him to serve others ; but not to undertake any public ministry for some time. When I told him my ideas on the subject he told me I had anticipated every wish of his, and I am sure with him it is a right course. No conversion yet has produced the effect of his, nor has caused such deep regret through all the "Divided House," as I call the Anglican Establishment. The Queen, it is said, is quite struck and moved ; one clergyman observed that the Church of England had only one great man left now (Dr. Pusey). Archdeacon Hare told Bowyer that he deplored the loss beyond anything ; and, as everyone says, Manning has never had rubrical squabbles, has never been reprovèd or called to account, but has kept the esteem of all to the last, and it is hard to say how many his conversion will influence. As to Hope, he is the most admired man at the Bar. He has the greatest Parliamentary practice in England ; is the inheritor and occupier of Abbotsford, and bears the highest possible character. Manning said to me that if we had to pick out the most eminent layman in the Establishment it would have been Hope.

But what I want most to tell you, because I know it will console the Holy Father, is what Manning has said about our late commotion and the Hierarchy. First, after his reception, he took a walk with Allies and talked to him on the subject (I must premise that he said to Allies it was wonderful how now every doubt and difficulty had completely vanished and he was perfectly

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happy). He said he had been watching all that had happened, and had been convinced that the only power on earth which could cope with this mighty Empire and prevail was the Catholic Church; the Anglican, with every worldly advantage, so soon as it comes into collision with it, is foiled and broken; whereas the Catholic Church, with not a single earthly resource or power, has been wrestling with it and has completely conquered. I had a long conversation with him on the subject. He said he had from the first considered the establishment of the Hierarchy as the boldest measure, and *the most worthy of the Holy See*, that it had taken since the Reformation; he had been quite struck by the contrast between us and the Anglican Bishops; he said the effect must have been very great of my Lectures in Advent, on account of their charitable and mild tone; and said he believed all men by this were heartily ashamed of their conduct, though still ashamed to own it. Speaking about the Ministry, he observed that people chose to say that it was Locke King's motion, or the Budget, that caused its defeat and its present weakness; but in their hearts they know that it was putting their hands on the Church that really upset it. In this he is right. This will all show you, and I trust convince others, that the progress of conversion has not been arrested by the Hierarchy, but the contrary; and that thinking men are brought closer to us by admiration of the assertion of power by the Holy See. I may mention that Hope's conversion with Manning's is likely to have a great influence on many. I really hope much for Gladstone; he is quite altered in manner with Catholics, with his sister particularly.

You have heard of Dr. Jerrard's conversion; he is, you know, a member of the Senate and the ablest examiner of the London University. He and two others founded the Independent and *quasi* Socinian College at Bristol, and all these are now Catholics. There are many other conversions of clergy and laity of minor *importance*, but, of course, the Leeds movement is one of the most remarkable. I hope to see great things come from it.

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I must now give you an extract from a letter from Mr. Senior at Rome to Bowyer, and do so confidentially for your own guidance: "Both your letters reached me, but I delayed answering them till I had seen Monsignor Talbot. He was exceedingly kind and entered at full length into the causes which made it necessary to create Catholic Bishops in England in order to bring England within the common law of the Church. He said they were quite taken by surprise by the anti-aggression outcry; if they had foreseen it they could easily have avoided it. The harm was done by its ostentatious promulgation. I sent Lord Lansdowne an account of our conversation." Now, I can hardly believe that this is a true version of your conversation, and you may suppose that such an account might encourage Ministers, who have been much supported in their attempts by the idea that we were divided. But especially I must observe that, when confuted in the real substance of the thing and unable to deny our right to establish the Hierarchy, they flew to the *manner*, and spoke of the arrogant assumption of power in the "Roman documents"—*i.e.*, the parcelling out of England and the ignoring of the Anglican Establishment in the Brief, and the assuming territorial jurisdiction over countries, and the word "govern" in my pastoral. Your expressions will have borne out the interpretation put on these documents by them. For in reality the promulgation was nothing more than the issuing of a Brief in the usual way at Rome and the reading of a Pastoral in our chapels in London. But the real offences were the progress of religion, and Lord John's anger at thinking, most falsely and perversely, that he had been tricked. We cannot, however, be too cautious in talking with people connected with our enemies, for everything is caught up and misinterpreted without conscience.

*Easter Tuesday.*—St. Leonards. I am here resting after my Lent. It is a great consolation to me to see that I have got through everything that I traced out at the beginning. On Easter Sunday it was a glorious crowd—



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of course, Protestant, amongst them Mrs. Tyas, wife of one of the most violent writers in the *Times*, who never thought of Catholics till "Papal aggression" made them talked of. On Easter Sunday Mr. Monsell introduced to me an important convert, not however yet received, though he will be in a few days. It is Mr. Simeon, M.P. for the Isle of Wight and eldest son of Sir J. Simeon, and he will be the richest man there after Ward. He will resign his seat. I find he, too, has been at last determined by past occurrences—another Hierarchy convert. He seems a very nice person, but probably you know him.

But now I am going to tell you the most important result of all, because it shows how really the establishment of the Hierarchy has worked a change of principle which I foretold in my Memorial for the Hierarchy and alluded to in the *Appeal*—that of the High Church party respecting us. Bishop Ullathorne writes to me that Messrs. Ward and Crawley, of Leeds, when he received them at Birmingham, assured him that having, on Pusey's visit to deter them, put to him the question, "Where is the true Church now in England?" he replied, "With the new Hierarchy and the *Orthodox* Anglican Bishops." The change is this, that whereas before they considered us schismatics, taunted us with having no bishops, and boasted that the Holy See dare not name them, or fancied that such an invasion of Anglican Churchism would never be permitted, now that we have a Hierarchy they are compelled to allow the theory, and to admit *two* branches of the Church side by side in England, our Hierarchy being as good as theirs and coming from the same Roman source. It follows that as this theory prevails, and as it is much easier to discern the new Hierarchy than the *Orthodox* Anglican bishops, many will be led to this simpler course. But never before now were the symptoms of a complete and final break-up of the Establishment as decided as now. "While" (to use Manning's phrase to me last Sunday) "the air is getting charged with Catholicity," decay, decrepitude, and division are manifesting themselves more each day in the Establishment.

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I may mention that Thackeray, besides an article in *Punch*, owning that we had got the better, says now, since Manning's conversion, that they are fairly beaten. I mention all these things to show you, and through you those at Rome, that so far from our having to be dismayed at the unnatural effervescence caused by the Hierarchy, it has clearly been permitted by Providence for the exaltation of the Church, and instead of impeding is wonderfully forwarding the cause of religion. I would not *dare* to say that it would have been better otherwise. As to myself, my position is perfectly free and unembarrassed. On Easter Sunday I went to St. George's in full robes, *just as I should have gone to the Cappella* at St. Peter's. They were not ready at the Church door, and a great crowd collected—the police keeping the way open; but there was not a word or look that could be considered offensive. Lately I have been a good deal about on foot with red collar, recognized by everyone, but everywhere only with respect. I was invited to a Private View of an exhibition of paintings; but found there quite a crowd, in which were three Anglican bishops, Sir R. Inglis, and Gavazzi and Mazzini arm-in-arm, and certainly I became far more an object of curiosity than the pictures; still, all was respectful and not a word was heard by some of my friends, who mingled with the crowd, that was unpleasant.

I want now to write about several more private matters. As to the Hierarchy. You know I have sent the names proposed with my judgment on them. If our body is not strengthened, and if the choice of bishops is not made with reference to this consideration as well as with regard to local wants and personal claims, not rising higher than being good and *respectable* people, we shall never be equal to the wants of the times. If soft, good persons are put in, I do not know what will become of us. I know there is little choice, but in that let us have the best. As to Southwark, I should now have no feeling on the subject were it not for St. George's. Indeed, so far as the responsibility of *this* goes, I have lately felt it would be



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a relief to me to be rid of it. But the work done there this Lent, the multitudes I have been able to preach to, and the good that I know has been done by it, make me regret the paralization of such a power. For, you know our weakness sufficiently not to impute it to vanity if I say that now more than ever curiosity is excited to hear me. All this action upon 3,000 or more people, who listen for two hours intently and to the most plain truths, and who belong to the enlightened classes and the higher, must end the moment Southwark is separated. If God has been so good as to entrust to me some power of speech, I cannot but feel being put to silence, though others may rejoice. Now you know that no other place can hold half the audience, and none has the attractions or name which St. George's possesses. I fear it is difficult to make even Dr. Grant appreciate the importance of the good done by it, through lectures, etc. As many foreigners who know English will be here next month,\* I intend, if not too late, to give a popular course on the Infidelity of the day.

MacMullen is going to the Redemptorists—dependent, of course, on the missionary oath being remitted. I never would have consented to apply but for an assurance given by Dr. Griffiths that he should not be opposed by him, if ever he wanted this. But his loss is irreparable. I have no one to replace him, and, unfortunately, all that join the Religious now get lost and do no work to speak of, except the zealous Oratorians. MacMullen's departure will finish up Warwick Street; but I have great hopes of something there which I will not name yet, as also elsewhere. The Redemptorists, too, have bought Bishop Eaton for a noviciate, and will make London a secondary place. I suppose all Douglas's money (his mother being dead) goes to them. What he might have done! They have given up Scott-Murray's, the German chapel, Hornyold's, etc.; they have sent off Walworth and one or two other promising ones to America. Thus they could not give me one Retreat this Lent. They get our

\* For the Great Exhibition of 1851.

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best subjects, and do not seem to me to look to *our* (i.e., religion's) interests as one hoped. But I do not wish to complain, for they no doubt act according to rule; and they certainly are most edifying priests and do much good. But I am put out by MacMullen's leaving us.

*[The next letter is dated from St. Leonards, June 1st, the Wednesday in Whit-Week, 1851.]*

I have come down here to get a little fresh air, for I have hardly had an hour to myself this last month, or, indeed, before Lent, and I had become very much fatigued in body and mind. However, this morning I have received such good news that I must write to you. To-day Lady Lothian is received. This is due to Manning, who has written to me; and I am confident her conversion will be followed by others.

On Sunday I confirmed at St. George's—the crowd was immense, and certainly there never were so many foreigners. I saw Dr. Newsham that evening; he had arrived that day, and told me he had met Trappes in the street, who came up to him and asked if he did not know him? Dr. N. said *no*; he then said, “I am Mr. Trappes; you have just come from Rome, have you not?” Dr. N. said “Yes.” T. then said, “And is your faith unshaken?” Dr. N., “I did not know it had been in danger.” T. said something more, but Dr. N. went off. That is the way T. always talks—tells people, as a wonderful thing, that he has been at Rome and has not lost his faith. He has come to London to appear before the Commission on Mortmain of the House of Commons. His examination was conducted by Anstey, and was as mischievous as possible. Mr. Harting, my solicitor, is now before the Commission, and every time he says “Cardinal Wiseman,” Anstey turns round to the shorthand writer and says, “put down Dr. Wiseman.” This is the man to whom the Cross of St. Gregory was sent, for services rendered to the Catholics! He is our worst foe and the bitterest. But I want the eyes of the authorities to be thoroughly open to the perfidiousness and

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anti-Roman spirit of Trappes and the other assailants of bishops. His, Riddell's, and other people's examination is directed against Propaganda and the Holy See. I have been taking great pains to have them thoroughly exposed and answered by others being examined. It has been a great trouble, with many others which I hope will end A.M.D.G. The Titles' Bill is not, I think, likely to pass. Never did any Government disgrace itself more with everyone. Its Law Officers contradict one another every night, and do not know what the Bill will do. We are very quiet and not molested in any way; and in many respects have reason to be well satisfied. Bowyer is annotating another Blue Book for you—the correspondence between our Government and the Roman Republic, etc. Place me at the feet of His Holiness, whose precious lines were truly a comfort.—Yours affectionately in Christ, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

*[Another communication was sent by Wiseman on August 3rd, 1851.]*

I received your letter about Ireland and am puzzled by it, because we have been all under the persuasion that there never was such harmony between the bishops and priests as exists at present. I am in close correspondence with the Primate, and he has been twice over here, first to London and then to the consecration at Manchester, and the most perfect good understanding exists between us. He has seen a great deal of our converts, and they of him, and they seem mutually pleased. I recommended Newman to one of the Committee who called on me, and the Primate has seen him. Newman will go over to Ireland to organize the University and takes a lively interest in it, as we all do. The Defence Society, though now more in the Bishops' hands, has been under Reynolds's and other demagogical control too much for me to consider it safe. I am afraid of being committed to *over liberal* as much as to violent speeches. But if I see that it will not be a mere political affair, but really a religious one, of course, as I have written to them, I will gladly

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join it. You know I have kept out of politics. But we are not idle here. 1. There is a Committee of Lord Arundel and Surrey—who has not triumphed in Limerick—Langdale, Petre, Vaux, Bowyer, etc., for forming a good *orthodox* Catholic club, to be a centre of lay operation. 2. Every Catholic constituency is organizing itself, and in many principal towns the Catholics will be strong enough to turn elections, as they have done at Bath, Gravesend and Scarborough, where the Government candidate was thrown out by them.

But now to my own *business*. The College [St. Edmund's, Old Hall] is cleared of its terrible obstruction. Dr. Cox has *cheerfully* left and accepted Southampton, the mission which he likes of all others. The whole system will be reformed, and a sound, high-toned ecclesiastical spirit will be introduced; Moorfields will be under my direction. Dr. Whitty will live there, with about five or six priests, and we propose getting it up equal to Islington or the Oratory and then making it the training school—every priest from College going there first and leaving the place as wanted. I have had no difficulty here, the congregation being glad, whatever the stupid *Standard* may say, of a total change.

Our work among the poor is progressing wonderfully. Orchard Place was one of the very worst in London—three or four thousand people about it—nearly two thousand in it habitually drunk, fighting and scandalous. A Ragged School was there full of children. Drs. Faa and Ferrara, assisted by the good Spanish Place clergy, opened a mission—almost everyone has been brought to his duty. On the first night Ferrara saw six young men in a corner, smoking with their hats on, and paying no attention. After the sermon he went up to the first and took him by the ear, asking him what he was. "A Catholic." "I don't believe you; you must be a Protestant." "No; I am a Catholic." "Then you are an Englishman." "No; I am an Irishman." "It is impossible; no Irish Catholic would keep on his hat and smoke while a priest was preaching. Why do you not come to con-

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fession at once ? ” He took him by both his arms, and the youth followed him like a lamb and went to confession, followed by all his companions, who have been the most edifying of all the people, coming almost every day to confession. The Ragged School was soon closed, and the people became most orderly. I said I would go on Monday last to close the Mission. It was carried on in the open air, in Orchard Place, through which there is no carriage way. I went accordingly, accompanied by Fathers Ferrara and Searle, and arrived there about 8.30. I found the place crammed from end to end, all round and behind the platform. Every window was filled with tiers of faces, the whole line of roof covered with legs dangling over the parapets—most with candles in their hands, and every window illuminated, while against the walls were illuminations with lamps ; so that altogether on coming to the entrance and looking down it had the appearance of a street Madonna festival in Rome. On alighting I went into the crowd, which made way, and our procession formed. I was in my usual dress, black cassock, and red fariazolo, with biretta, cross, etc. On the platform were the Bishop of Texas, Dr. Kirby, etc. After a hymn, I addressed the people, who listened intensely. They could hear and distinguish words at Lady Fitzgerald’s. I preached on perseverance, especially in sobriety, going to their duties, peaceableness, and not sending their children to Protestant schools. They all with one voice promised fidelity. A priest will be there every Saturday night to hear confessions, say prayers, preach, and keep them in order. Mass will also be said in a room, and they will be cultivated properly—a library is established for them. At the end I gave them my solemn benediction, and we sang the *Te Deum*. Father Ferrara then made them answer, again and again, the salutation which he had taught them, “ Blessed be the Name of Jesus.” “ Blessed for ever ! ”

Now began the cheering, as we went along to the carriage. It must have been heard for miles. I never heard anything like it. Everyone wanted to touch me

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of course ; but there was no disorder or confusion, and everyone who witnessed the scene was amazed. Sergt. Bellasis was in the midst of the crowd, and said he was now satisfied that I might trust myself confidently to the people—he never knew before what the Church can do.

A deputation has come from a neighbouring nest of courts, asking for a mission, and saying "We are all drunkards, come and reform us." At Kensington, in Jennings's Buildings, a good pioneering has been made by Manning, assisted by the Hon. Gilbert Talbot (Lady Lothian's brother), just converted. They have been from house to house, and Lord Ashley's opposition is all but broken up. I must have a mission given there, but the chapel will not hold half the people. When the Jesuits took Westminster the school was empty ; they have now 300 children in it. The other day Dr. Whitty was there, and Father Rowe told as many of the children as had been in Lord A's schools to hold up their hands, and two-thirds nearly did so.

The Oratorian Brothers have taken immense premises in Charles Street, Drury Lane, for a great Ragged School—as their external work, not having hospitals, etc.—under the direction of the Fathers. The money has been subscribed, and a Committee is formed for its management. It is to be the beginning of a system. I enclose you also the particulars of our Ladies' Association for what I have long contemplated, Catholic Lodging-Houses ; £1,000 will be subscribed. We are also planning an Irish Emigrants' home and other charitable establishments ; these last are both under the Oratory.

You have heard, no doubt, of the establishment of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*, who support old people entirely out of the scraps collected after dinners, etc. They have already sixteen old people under their care. In fact, I trust we may say, in London—*pauperes evangelizantur*—much is doing among the poor. And now that the Aggression business is over, we shall have leisure and quiet to improve ourselves. I own I see such a revival and progress in store for us, to which the past agitation has



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contributed, that I hope all will see how much better God has known and cared for His Church than man would have done if left to himself.

I will not enter into questions of the Bill, etc., for I have no time or space. But this is quite plain, that the Government intend to make it as dead a letter as possible, and that it was forced through the House of Lords with this intention, and to get rid of the thing. Bowyer has written to you the account of his interview with Lord Lansdowne. But always bear in mind that B. is most timid, takes always the darker view, and has great awe of the majesty of the Law. Yet in action he is intrepid, and would go to the scaffold for his faith. He has had much to endure for his steadfastness.

I give this to Prince Hohenlohe, who is singing Mass at St. George's. I give him also Newman's wonderful *Lectures* for you, which read to the Holy Father. Place me at his feet and assure him that the work of the Church was never more prosperous amongst us. Hohenlohe will himself tell you what he has seen and heard, especially in high quarters. He will confirm what I have frequently written, that the object of fear is not the Hierarchy, but the progress of Catholicism in England.

The De Veres are converted; and Lady De Vere's conversion seems almost miraculous. Up to Easter she was quite opposed to us; and, without any outward change, she felt her heart change, and all her affections turned to the Church.

Give all this gossip to friends, but do not let things get into the papers, except in general; for "Our Own Correspondents" are fishing for everything. I write more fully to you, because you can understand and explain what, if I wrote to an Italian, he would hardly comprehend.—Yours affectionately in Christ, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

## ADVANCE, INDIA!\*

IN the bitterness of their souls, and with the foretaste of irretrievable defeat on their lips, high-placed Germans were wont to fling India in Great Britain's teeth as the living proofs of the hypocrisy of her claims to be fighting for world-liberty against Prussian world-dominion. That singularly idle taunt is based on a complete mis-reading of the conditions we have to deal with in India, and of the proposals which the Secretary of State and the Viceroy have recently laid before the British Government. Our difficulties in India are, in fact, mainly the natural, though temporarily embarrassing, outcome of the best and most unselfish achievements that stand to our credit within the last century.

We owe, in the first place, a great debt of gratitude to the founders of our Indian Empire, for that they never imported into the relations between British and Indians the additional complication of relations between landlords and tenants. In the Eighteenth Century a few British soldiers of fortune received grants of land from the native rulers, to whom they gave their services, but they married and settled in the country, and their descendants have become, in all but name, Indians. There are to-day no British landlords in India, except some indigo and tea planters mostly in the North-Eastern districts, and certainly no absentee landlords deriving large revenues from estates seldom or never visited. Some people regard the Indian land-tax as a form of land rent levied by the State under the right of eminent ownership, claimed in ancient times by the Mogul and other rulers to whom the British succeeded. But that is merely a theoretical question, which has long ceased to affect present-day practice. There are many different forms of land-tenure in India, with different rights and different liabilities, but whatever the relationship arising out of them it is a relationship between Indians and Indians, not between British and Indians. The British only interfere to modify

\* The Montagu-Chelmsford Report.



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them—and almost exclusively in favour of the under-dog—where they can be shown to produce real and intolerable hardship. The lot of the Indian peasant is at best a pretty hard one, and must always be so in a country where, over very large tracts, the harvests for the most part depend upon a rainfall far more irregular than in our own temperate climes. But British rule has given him a far greater measure of security and justice than he ever before experienced. He has shared the benefits of great irrigation works, perhaps the finest monuments of the British era, which have added millions of acres to the area under cultivation. The great development of railways and roads enables the peasants to dispose more easily of their surplus produce in the fat years of plenty, and facilitates relief in the lean years of famine. The creation of a popular system of co-operative credit is substantially reducing the rapacious influence of the local money-lender. Research work at the Central Institute of Pusa, and at the provincial agricultural colleges and model farms, is helping both to combat tropical pests and to improve the quality of the crops and the antiquated methods of native farming. Though the State still derives perhaps an undue proportion of its revenue from the land, taxation is being steadily reduced, and it weighs on the whole less heavily on the *ryot* than the extravagant expenditure for domestic and religious festivals and ceremonies imposed upon him by the tyranny of custom and the greed of the Brahmins, for which British rule cannot be reasonably held responsible. Eleven-twelfths of the population live a rural life, and the vast majority never give a thought to matters lying beyond the horizon of their villages. It is certainly not from them that the demand for an extension of political rights, or for any change in the existing system of government proceeds. They are still quite content to carry their grievances to the British District Officer, knowing from long experience that he will give them a careful hearing and, if possible, redress. So, except in regard to taxation, there is no land question in India as between British and

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Indians, and the chief concern of the former has been to protect the Indian tenant and agricultural labourer against the exactions of the Indian landlord and the Indian usurer.

Nor have the British ever sought to establish any denominational ascendancy in India. Nowhere else are there deeper lines of religious cleavage; but all the native religions are equally alien to the British rulers, whose attitude towards all of them is one of detachment and neutrality, so long as the feuds they breed do not lead to breaches of the public peace. There lies the rub. To take only the two great creeds, Mahomedanism and Hinduism, British authority has to exercise constant vigilance and often actual force to prevent or to quell bloody outbreaks of fanatical hatred between the Mahomedan and Hindu masses, especially during the annual festival when Mahomedans insist on sacrificing cows which the Hindus regard as so sacred that to kill one is a more heinous crime than to kill a man—unless, indeed, the man belong to the quasi-sacerdotal caste of Brahmins. As for the cruel hardships which arise within Hinduism itself from its social code and its iron-bound system of caste, British authority only very rarely interferes to mitigate them. *Sati*, or the sacrifice of living Hindu widows on the funeral pyre of their dead husbands, was indeed prohibited nearly a hundred years ago; and in 1890 the age for the consummation of marriage contracted between Hindus of a tender age was raised by law. But the State does not interfere with the life of the Zenana, or with the wretched lot of the Hindu widow, often still a mere child, condemned, because childless herself, to be henceforth a mere drudge within its walls, and forbidden to escape from them by a second marriage. Nor can the State prevent the higher castes of Hinduism from treating as “untouchable” the unfortunate lower castes—numbering altogether some forty millions—who are not allowed to live in the same quarter or to draw water from the same wells, or even, according to the letter of Hindu law, to approach within certain prescribed

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distances any member of the so-called "clean" castes, whom the faintest contact with these poor creatures is held to defile. To some extent the gradual penetration of Western influence and the inevitable promiscuity of modern conditions of life, and especially of railway travel, are slowly breaking down these barriers. They survive chiefly in Southern India, where the social ascendancy of the Brahmin was never shaken, as it was in the North, by the Mahomedan tide of conquest. The best amongst the Western-educated classes now themselves set their face against the survival of ancient superstitions which they realize to be wholly incompatible with the democratic principles they profess, and with the political rights they demand; and in some parts of India genuine social and religious reform movements, such as the Brahmo-Somaj in Bengal and the Arya-Somaj in the Punjab, have exerted a healthy influence, not to be measured merely by the number of their adherents. But the power of caste, almost unbroken in such essential matters as inter-marriage, still dominates the social and domestic life of Hinduism, whilst the political *rapprochement* between "advanced" Mahomedans and Hindus has not yet bridged the gulf dividing the masses. On the other hand the fact that the British administrator stands entirely outside all these caste and creed differences secures to him, whatever his other shortcomings, the solid confidence of the people, and especially of the humbler classes, who know that he is proof against the many forms of direct and indirect pressure, difficult for an Indian, however well meaning, to resist, when brought to bear upon him by his co-religionists or fellow caste-men.

Another feature of British rule in India is the survival of a large number of "Native States," which, having acknowledged British supremacy, stand in a relation of subordinate alliance to the Supreme Government, but enjoy more or less complete autonomy under their own hereditary rulers, who regard themselves as feudatories of the British Crown. Many of these date back to a time when they themselves invoked the protection of the East

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India Company against the lawlessness of the native soldiers of fortune who, at the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries, were trying to carve new kingdoms for themselves out of the moribund Empire of the Moguls. Several of these States approximate in size and wealth to the smaller European kingdoms, and they cover altogether nearly two-fifths of the whole area of the Indian Empire, with nearly a quarter of its total population. But they all lie outside the sphere of direct British administration, and are subject to a limited measure of control. They are governed by their own laws and their own princes. A very striking comparison might well be drawn between the statesman-like and generous policy embodied in the long series of treaties which, by respecting the essential rights of the "Native States," have, for a hundred years and more, secured their friendship and their loyal devotion to the British *raj*, and the brutal methods by which Prussian militarism, temporarily triumphant in the field, at once proceeded to impose its "will-to-power" on the unfortunate Baltic provinces, liberated from Russia only to fall under a still heavier yoke. Germany, however, is already reaping there the abundant harvest of hatred she was so quick to sow, whereas the spontaneous tender of enthusiastic service from the "Native States" of India, as soon as war broke out in 1914, was one of the most signal demonstrations of Indian loyalty to the cause of the British Empire.

With all the difficulties inherent to the governance of a vast Asiatic dependency on an entirely different plane of civilization from our own, we may claim to have coped not unsuccessfully. When a mere handful of Europeans, numbering scarcely more than 5,000 altogether, can run without any serious friction the vast machinery of government required to give security of life and property, and a measure, however slender, of assured prosperity to a population of over 300,000,000 souls, devastated, before the advent of British rule, by successive waves of invasion, and torn by racial and religious dissensions; and when, in

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normal peace-times, a garrison of 70,000 European troops amply suffices for the safety of a great sub-continent stretching from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, it is idle to pretend that India is held by the sword. The difficulties of a new and very different character with which we are now confronted are due to a conception of our duty towards the people of India that has certainly not been inspired by militarism or even by selfish considerations of political expediency. It was clearly defined nearly a century ago by one of the greatest of British-Indian administrators, Sir Thomas Munro, who, when Governor of Madras, wrote, on December 31st, 1824, an exhaustive minute on the nature and purpose of British rule in India :

There is one great question to which we should look in all our arrangements : What is to be their final result on the character of the people ? Is it to be raised or is it to be lowered ? Are we to be satisfied with merely securing our power and protecting the inhabitants ; or are we to endeavour to raise their character and to render them worthy of filling higher situations in the management of their country and of devising plans for its improvement ? . . . Many different plans may be suggested for the improvement of their character, but none of them can be successful, unless it be first laid down, as a main principle of our policy, that the improvement must be made. This principle once established, we must trust to time and perseverance for realizing the object of it. . . . Liberal treatment has always been found the most effectual way of elevating the character of any people, and we may be sure that it will produce a similar effect on that of the people of India. The change will no doubt be slow, but that is the very reason why no time should be lost in commencing the work. . . . That the desirable change contemplated may, in some after age, be effected in India, there is no cause to despair. Such a change was at one time in Britain itself at least as hopeless as it is here. When we reflect how much the character of nations has always been influenced by that of governments, we shall see no reason to doubt that if we pursue steadily the proper measures, we shall, in time, so far improve the character of our Indian subjects as to enable them to govern and protect themselves.

This principle was laid down as a corollary of the great

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liberal movement then going on at home. It triumphed here in the Reform Bill of 1832. It triumphed equally in India in the resolution which determined in 1835 the introduction of Western education. The old East India Company was still the agency through which Britain governed her Indian possessions, and it was just entering upon a new phase. It had long ceased to be the mere trading company of "merchant-adventurers" which had set forth under a charter from Queen Elizabeth to found, on the inhospitable shores of a remote and little-known sub-continent, precarious settlements destined to become the cradle of an Indian Empire far greater than that of the Moguls, who were still throned in mysterious majesty at Delhi. It had long since become the dominant power in India, and at the same time it had been brought under the direct control of the British Government and Parliament, from whom it received the periodical renewal of its charter constantly charged with new conditions and new duties. The Charter of 1833 finally withdrew from it all its old commercial privileges. It was thenceforth free to devote its energies to the task of government and administration, to which was formally added that of educating the people of India, and of raising them by education up to intellectual partnership in the civilization that had hitherto merely given them peace, and order, and security for life and property. It was a tremendous experiment such as no nation had ever yet ventured or indeed had an opportunity to embark upon. The consequences, both for good and evil, were then, and still are, incalculable. But it must be admitted that, assuming quite rightly that the good must preponderate, we have been too much inclined to ignore the evil and have seldom attempted to measure or to reckon with the latter until we have been startled out of our excessive optimism by some sudden and explosive reminder that good and evil are constantly intermingled in all human affairs.

The first rude awakening came with the Mutiny. For though the Mutiny seemed at the time to be mainly a



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military uprising and, owing to the dramatic part that Delhi played in it, largely a Mahomedan movement, it was in reality the manifestation of a very widespread revolt inspired by all the reactionary forces of Hinduism as well as of Mahomedanism against the Western influences which, deriving much of their spiritual energy from the new system of education, were felt to be threatening the social as well as the political foundations of the old order of things. The more the history of that period is studied, the more clearly does it show that the greased cartridges and the annexation of Oudh and all the other episodes by which it was sought at the time to explain the Mutiny, were only the occasion but not the cause of it. If any one wants to realize the spirit which informed it, let him read the remarkable story of *The Indian War of Independence*, 1857, written by Vinayak Savarkar, one of the ablest of modern Indian revolutionaries. But fierce as the struggle then was, it lasted but a relatively short time, and was confined within a relatively small area. Though it was followed by the extinction of the old East India Company and the establishment of the full and direct sovereignty of the Crown, it produced no substantial change in the system or agency of government ; and, if it left behind it far more bitterness and distrust on both sides than was then recognized, everything remained much as it had been on the surface. The true inwardness of that cataclysm had been, and perhaps still is, only very inadequately perceived. State schools and colleges, as well as Christian missionary institutions of all denominations, continued to diffuse the ferment of Western education ; and, in fulfilment of Lord Dalhousie's promise on the eve of the Mutiny, universities on the type of the London University were successively founded in Calcutta and other important provincial cities.

Another forty years passed, during which the tares again grew up almost unnoticed amongst the fine and healthy wheat of Western education. There had been many indications for some time past that the Western-

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educated class, nourished on the strong meat of British literature, were beginning to ask themselves and their rulers why India should be denied the benefit of political institutions and doctrines they had been consistently encouraged to study and to admire. But even the growth of the Indian National Congress, founded with the help of a few British idealists as an attempt, however crude, to give corporate expression to the aspirations of a new generation of "politically-minded" Indians, was usually dismissed as a sign of youthful and rather reprehensible exuberance it was wiser merely to ignore. But despite the unpractical attitude of many of its supporters, it was a phenomenon that could not be disregarded. A few tentative measures were indeed from time to time adopted to meet the Indian demand for a larger participation in the control of public affairs, whilst the number of Indians employed in the higher branches of the public services was slowly increased. But under a system that tended more and more to excessive centralization, British administrators in India were so much absorbed in the details of administration that they could hardly see the forest for the trees. They piled reports upon reports; but these were mostly written by experts for experts; and though many of them were masterly papers on special subjects, those which professed to take a broader survey, *e.g.* the annual "Report on the moral and material progress of India," were apt to be very jejune and unilluminating. Parliament had allowed the periodical inquiries which it had formerly conducted into "the State of India" before every renewal of the old East India Company's charter, to lapse after the Mutiny, and the interest it continued to display spasmodically in Indian affairs had ceased to be either well-sustained or well-informed. The same may be said of the interest taken by the British public generally in Indian affairs. The Press itself paid but desultory attention to them. A frontier war, a Royal visit, a splendid Oriental pageant, would arouse temporary curiosity; and the British people would open its purse-strings to relieve some terrible famine or other cruel



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visitations only too frequent in a country where nature can sometimes be as pitiless as she is often abundantly generous. But, in ordinary times, India was in every way too remote; and Indian affairs, to be followed with intelligence, required too close a study for the average Englishman, inclined by temperament as well as by a long course of undisturbed prosperity to take things for granted and never to "worry." There was the same tendency amongst the British non-official communities in India itself who, mostly engaged in commerce, went about their own businesses with results usually very satisfactory to themselves, and who knew and cared singularly little about the people and the life of the vast country outside the few great cities where they mostly congregated or the "hill-stations" to which they retired during the "hot weather" months.

Not until another explosion, much less serious, it is true, than that of the Mutiny, had taken place in India, in the shape of a sudden outbreak of anarchist crime, accompanied by a violent anti-British boycott propaganda and various other seditious activities, were the British rulers of India in Simla, or in Whitehall, aroused to the unpleasant fact that you cannot go on indefinitely pouring such a ferment as Western education into one or two watertight compartments of Indian social life without some very powerful forces being generated during the process of fermentation. One very serious defect of the educational system pursued in India is that, in conformity with the principle of the complete neutrality of the State in all matters of religion, it has addressed itself almost exclusively to the intellectual development of the young Indian. The result is that, whilst Western knowledge necessarily shook the foundations of his old beliefs, it substituted no wholesome restraints for those that it loosened. Nor was any attempt made to bring his Western education into direct relationship with his home life. That continued to move on an altogether different plane; so that his home influences, either insensibly defeated the educational purpose in its shaping of

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character, or else he cast them off prematurely without having anything to put in their place. In the early days that evil was partly corrected by the personal influence of the European teacher upon his pupils, especially in the great missionary institutions which, without attempting to proselytize, created and maintained a distinct moral atmosphere. But with the rapid increase of schools and colleges, accompanied unfortunately with a steady reduction of the quantity and perhaps also of the quality of the European teaching staff, such personal influence grew rarer and less effective. Hence Western education ceased, in many cases, to connote a substantial acceptance of the higher rules of life and of the broad principles for which it claimed to stand. On the contrary, Western knowledge began to be explored for weapons with which to fight an aggressive and alien civilization that had overborne by the mere weight of its material and technical equipment the far higher and more ancient civilization which India had enjoyed in a mythical past, when she had been wise and wealthy and free beyond all the nations of the earth. On this platform of common hatred it was easy for all the reactionary forces, watching with dismay the gradual disintegration of religious superstitions and social tyrannies on which they had thriven in the past, to combine with all the revolutionary forces which, aping the doctrines and methods of Western anarchism, aimed at the forcible liberation of India from foreign oppression. Thus the strange spectacle came to be witnessed of youthful Indian conspirators learning from anarchist text-books to prepare bombs for the killing of British officials or of their own fellow-countrymen, whose only crime was loyal service to British rule. These "amulets" of liberty they placed under the special consecration of Kali, the most sinister goddess of the whole Hindu pantheon. The story of the Indian revolutionary movement during the last twenty-five years, down to the many abortive conspiracies engineered under German auspices since the outbreak of the war, has been recently told for the first time on unquestionable authority in the

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Report of a semi-judicial committee over which Mr. Justice Rowlatt, a very distinguished judge of the Court of King's Bench, was sent out last winter to preside. It is unpleasant if instructive reading ; for it shows how deadly a poison can be distilled out of the best gift we have given to India—the gift of Western knowledge.

Even if we could acquit ourselves of all responsibility for the laxity of educational methods which have helped to produce so painful an illustration of the old saying, *Corruptio optimi pessima*, we should still have no right to be disheartened or unduly alarmed ; nor, above all, to question the wisdom of our predecessors when they decided to make that gift to India. The best remains the best ; and, though Western education has been sometimes perverted to the strangest uses, it has not only produced the finest type of Indian character, but also informed the Indian mind with new ideals. Nor can we discourage ideals we have ourselves imparted. The aspirations of Western-educated India towards self-government, and its conception of an all-embracing Indian nationhood, have been drawn from the intellectual contact of which Western education has been the medium. More than that. It is the knowledge of English which, for the first time in the history of India, has provided Indians with a common language for the diffusion of these aspirations ; and we can surely afford to treat with some indulgence the fervid denunciations of British methods of government by Congress orators who owe to British rule alone the only tongue in which they can make themselves understood to the great majority of their audience. Western education has not eradicated amongst Indians the Oriental love of hyperbole. But behind all the exaggerated indictments of a system of Government to which the most enlightened of them, such as the late Mr. Gokhale, are the first to recognize that modern India owes her rise on to a new and higher plane of life, there is a natural and not unjustifiable impatience of the close tutelage for which it stands. The new class of Western-educated Indians have already secured a practical mono-

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poly of all the liberal professions and of all the subordinate branches of the public services ; they already occupy many of the higher posts in the executive and judicial administration, and they have gained an increasingly large consultative voice in the councils of Government. We cannot deny that such as these may not unreasonably claim to have outgrown that tutelage, and to have qualified for a more active partnership on a real footing of equality in the conduct of public affairs. The Morley-Minto reforms of 1909 went some way towards this recognition ; but even so stalwart a Radical as John Morley did not venture to face the true inwardness of the problem, viz., to carry Western education into the sphere of Indian political life along the only lines on which we have ourselves consistently moved forward by the development of representative institutions. It is unnecessary to go into the many different reasons which explain the relative failure of the Morley-Minto reforms even before the outbreak of the great war.

For it is the war itself and the stirring of the new world-forces that have enabled and, indeed, compelled us to study the problem from a broader angle of vision. India has played a very important part in the war. For the great outburst of loyalty with which she responded to the first call of the Empire, in 1914, justified her rulers in disregarding all the accustomed margins of safety, and in throwing practically the whole of her military resources into the breach. It should never be forgotten that it was the Indian expeditionary forces, including the British garrisons as well as the native army, that filled, during the most critical months of the winter of 1914-15, the gap on the Western front which our own unpreparedness for war was unable to fill from any other quarter. Again, the brilliant victory of Armageddon, in the great plain of Palestine, was largely the triumph of Indian troops. The impression produced throughout India, when Indian troops were seen for the first time fighting shoulder to shoulder with British troops on European battle-fields, and acquitting themselves gallantly against the most

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formidable of European armies, was still further heightened when, also for the first time, Indians were admitted into the innermost councils of the Empire and sat side by side with British and Dominion Ministers at the great war conferences in London. From that moment the goal of self-government within the Empire could never be denied to India; nor could India hope to reach it except by a gradual process of training in the same school of political education through representative institutions in which the other parts of the Empire have graduated to self-government. After a period of some hesitation, a period unduly prolonged by the overpowering preoccupations of the war itself and by the inevitable reluctance of ultra-conservative minds to face far-reaching changes, the new orientation of British policy in India was solemnly set forth in the declaration of August 20th, 1917, and almost immediately afterwards, on the invitation of the Viceroy, the Secretary of State for India proceeded to India on a mission of inquiry, of which the results have been made public in a voluminous report embodying definite proposals on his own behalf, and on that of the Viceroy, for the first substantial steps to be taken in carrying that declaration into effect.

The Report would deserve the most serious consideration if only as the first attempt made since the Mutiny to present an authoritative survey of the state of India, of the social, moral and economic condition of her peoples, and of the system of government and administration under which they live. It is a singularly broad and dispassionate survey, intended to provide the materials for estimating the value of the constitutional changes by which a vast Asiatic dependency, accustomed from times immemorial to be ruled on autocratic rather than democratic lines, can be gradually raised to a position of equal partnership in a self-governing Empire. The authors of the Report have come to the conclusion that whilst the Supreme Government of India can be brought into closer touch with Indian sentiment as well as with the interests and aspirations of the "Native States" that lie beyond the

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domain of direct British administration, its responsibility for the peace and security and welfare of one-fifth of the human race must continue to lie with the British Parliament. Meanwhile, Indian representative institutions must have time to grow up and to prove their fitness, within limited areas, for the assumption of more immense responsibilities. It is therefore only in the sphere of provincial government that the Report proposes to make an essay in responsible government by the devolution of certain limited powers and responsibilities to Indian ministers accountable to Indian assemblies elected on the broadest possible franchise. As several Indian provinces have a population superior or equal to that of Great Britain, they offer no mean field for such an experiment. The subjects to be at once transferred to Indian shoulders include those which touch most closely on the elementary needs and interests of the population. It would be impossible within our limits to give even an outline of the necessarily complicated machinery by which it is proposed to build up a new fabric of provincial government and administration with ample room for Indian collaboration, to be steadily expanded, if successful, without prematurely disturbing the old foundations essential to the security of the whole structure. Moreover, no useful purpose could be served by a minute analysis of proposals which are themselves conditional upon the solution of a very difficult but vital problem reserved by the authors of the Report for further investigation by a special committee sent out to India to explore it. That is the constitution of Indian electorates capable of producing the representative assemblies to which Indian ministers are to be accountable. The authors of the Report felt, no doubt quite rightly, that any proposals which could be put forward with adequate authority required to be based on much more thorough data than they had been in a position to acquire in the course of their own inquiry. They therefore merely laid down the lines upon which the Special Committee should carry on the work :



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The first step must be not a hard and fast adjustment of the composition of the Legislative Councils to the various interests of each province as estimated from headquarters, but a careful survey of all the material available in the province for an electorate. We must, in fact, measure the number of persons who can, in the different parts of the country, be reasonably entrusted with the duties of citizenship. We must ascertain what sort of franchise will be suited to local conditions, and how interests that may be unable to find adequate representation in such constituencies are to be represented.

All this is perfectly sound and reasonable ; but, until a practical answer is forthcoming to the many delicate questions thus raised, the whole scheme propounded in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report is obviously and very seriously incomplete. The corner-stone of representative institutions lies in the capacity of the people to secure effective representation, and such capacity is in India still a very imperfectly known quantity.

For here we find ourselves once more confronted with one of the great shortcomings of our educational policy. From the first its principal effort was concentrated on secondary education. Partly as the result of Macaulay's ignorant denial of any merit to Indian literature, and partly because knowledge of English became the *Open Sesame* for all the best appointments under government, vernacular education found very few friends. Primary education was lamentably neglected. Even in England the State was slow to recognize the importance of a sound system of primary and compulsory education ; and the magnitude of such a task may well have scared the rulers of such a country as India, where children of a school-going age are reckoned by tens of millions. Apart even from the financial aspect of the question, there was the appalling difficulty of finding and training the army of teachers required for elementary schools. Nor amongst the agricultural masses was there any real demand for schools, which were regarded mainly as a mischievous invention for drawing children away from far more useful field-work. So, while secondary education found increasing



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favour amongst the more privileged classes, especially in the towns, and while colleges and universities were multiplied to meet the growing demand with more regard for quantity than for quality, the rest of the country remained plunged in profound ignorance. Nothing was done to bridge over the widening gulf between the new relatively educated minority and the enormous quite uneducated majority. It is this ignorance amongst the masses which, in addition to other deep lines of cleavage, constitutes the most formidable obstacle to the creation of Indian electorates capable of understanding and discharging the duties of citizenship. To the credit, be it said, of the educated classes, the best amongst them have for some time past begun to realize this bar to all national progress. Mr. Gokhale never wearied of pressing Government to face the question of primary and compulsory education. Something has at last been done; but even with a more generous effort it will take decades to make up leeway. It is scarcely on educational qualification, therefore, that any Indian franchise can be based to secure provincial representative assemblies against the ascendancy of the lawyer class that largely dominates the new intellectual oligarchy produced by Western education. The very complex structure of Indian society, still dependent very largely on peculiar inherited influences, may yet provide a basis which the Committee on Indian electorates will doubtless explore before it commits itself to any final opinion on the electoral problem. The authors of the Report have set forth a great array of theoretical arguments against the principle of "communal representation" which, recognizing the social and religious cleavage between the many communities into which Indian society is split up, would secure representation according to communities rather than on merely territorial lines. The Committee, on which Indians and Europeans are fairly represented, is not in any way bound by the pious opinions expressed on this subject in the Report. It will assuredly not hesitate to cast to the winds mere theories proper to countries in which representative

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institutions have been the result of evolutionary experience. The great bulk of the population is still so little moved by the stirrings of a new political life that, as the authors of the Report admit, we shall have deliberately to disturb their placid contentment with the paternal despotism they have hitherto accepted, and to impose upon them a compulsory course of training in the practice of new political institutions they are inclined instinctively to dread.

Happily, except amongst the small revolutionary residuum, the claim set up by the Western-educated minority for emancipation from the *status pupillaris* is not based upon any hostility to the essential principles of British rule. Many amongst them pride themselves on being the intellectual children of British rule, and on having made British standards of civic duty and of political progress as much their own as the English language which is their one outward and visible bond of union. Even the most fanatical of the revolutionists no longer talk glibly of Indian independence since the guns of the *Emden* gave India the measure of what Indian independence would be worth without the protection of the British navy. The very exuberance of Indian imagination, if it may have led Indians to overrate sometimes the material value of India's war services, has helped them to realize the value of the Empire to India, and there are few, if any, sober-minded Indians whose dreams of an Indian nationhood go beyond equal partnership in a commonwealth of nations under the British Crown. The situation in India may be as full of paradoxes as the situation in Ireland; but they are paradoxes of an entirely different character. For in India we have, and the vast majority of Indians know we have, a record that justifies our faith in the future, and it is therefore in no mere light-hearted spirit of visionary optimism that the Montagu-Chelmsford Report has ventured to base an experiment of immense magnitude on a profession of faith such as has seldom been recorded in the frigid pages of a State document. Who indeed can look back on the whole story of our connection with India

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during the last three centuries—perhaps the most wonderful adventure on which any nation has ever embarked—and contend that without the driving force of faith it could ever have culminated in the comradeship sealed by British and Indian blood on the battle-fields of three continents? Or who can doubt that, thanks to the same driving force, it may not yet be crowned by the even greater achievement of civil comradeship within the fold of a free and self-governing Empire?

VALENTINE CHIROL.

# THE RECOVERY OF IRELAND\*

IN presence of the everlasting Irish difficulty, Englishmen are apt to express themselves in a tone of impatience and contempt, as though having to deal with a people who are at once anarchic by temperament and incapable of learning from a superior race how to manage their affairs. But the contempt is founded, let me say it straight out, on ignorance; and the impatience is not even half-sister to wisdom. Ireland did not create her own problem. All through her sad chronicle, since Henry of Anjou took the submission of the native chiefs at Dublin, we must bear in mind the undoubted fact that England, who did create it by a conquest for which there was no justification, has not done her duty towards the people thus taken into her keeping. What is "the history of the rise and progress of disorders in Ireland"? Macaulay, whose words I am quoting, replies in a sentence: it is "misgovernment, lasting without interruption from the reign of Henry II to the reign of William IV"—soon after which date he was addressing the House of Commons. But the story did not end in 1844. It has been continued even to 1919. By a sure instinct the majority held down have seen in "Dublin Castle" the power entrenched, to which they owe their unhappy condition. For behind the mediæval "Pale," the confiscation and massacres under Elizabeth, the "plantations" of James I, the "exterminating" policy of Cromwell, the Williamite "settlement," the "ferocious Acts of Anne," the entire Penal Code, the ruin of Irish trade, the horrors of '98, the corrupt sale of a nation known as the "Union" of 1800, the Tithe War, the famines, evictions, emigrations, Coercion Acts, and the

\* *The Economic History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, by George O'Brien (Maunsell). *Mitchel's History of Ireland, 1691-1848*. *Lecky's History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. *Biographies of H. Flood and H. Grattan*, ed. 1903. *Burke, Irish Tracts and Correspondence*. *Macaulay, Speeches*. *Swift's Works*, etc.

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resistance of "Ulster" to Home Rule, stood always the strength of an irresistible foreign foe, open or disguised. The Irish majority never did, and never could, control it. If, then, such seed has borne for its fruit anarchy, "the creators of anarchy," as I said in my preceding article, "were the rulers and lawgivers themselves." The Irish difficulty is of England's making.\*

Yet sooner or later misgovernment will itself be conquered and done away, in obedience to certain forces, by action and reaction in the movement of the world which we term, I think not unfittingly, progress. In this movement of real or concrete political ideas England is the leader. She has discovered the method of reconciliation between law and liberty, the secret of constitutional peace, and how to maintain without coercion from the centre a world-wide Empire in which all the parts enjoy, or are learning to practise, Home Rule, being at the same time united for defence and exchange of benefits one with another. It is always a pleasure in this connection to quote the words of Tacitus, *res olim dissociabiles—imperium et libertas*. For the British Empire stands out as an original product of history, until now sole and singular, yet by its use of liberty and process of law-making it has profoundly affected all nations, even those which clung to the tradition of absolute power. The proof is at hand. No foreigner, though he might praise Tsar or Kaiser to the skies, but preferred if he could get the chance to live under British rule. And why? Because it gave him the two things which are chief ends of all sound government—public security and personal freedom—gave him these in the highest degree, as though society were now an eternal peace, where constraint had no meaning. Such was our state before the war in every province of the Empire, with one exception. Ireland had somehow not found security or freedom; an army of thirty thousand men, a military police amounting to ten thousand, a Code of Coercion made permanent, a precarious tenure of *Habeas Corpus*, and "the Castle"

\* See THE DUBLIN REVIEW, October 1918, "The Land of Erin."

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emulating by its arrogance, futility, provocation of a sensitive people, the Prussian rule in Poland or the Magyar behaviour towards the Slavs; such were the phenomena that bore witness to an age-long failure of design, a blindness and perversity of the governing mind, on England's part, which could be illustrated, were it needful, from yesterday's newspapers. It is not needful; Ministers now, as in Spenser's time, are often tempted to wish that "all that land were a sea pool." They would act more wisely by reviewing the whole account of English relations with Ireland, its people, resources, and religion, so as to discover the root of evil and pluck it up once for all.

The root of evil is, and ever has been, in one word, "Inequality." This damning indictment applies to every period of the connection, and no less to the handling of her own settlers than to her oppression of the native Irish by England, whether Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, or Hanoverian. On the years preceding the Revolution of 1688, I have already written enough to make the matter plain. But when a great English party had risen up, champions by act and deed of liberty of conscience, limited sovereignty, the "original contract" between rulers and ruled, it would seem that equal treatment, being a first principle in these Whig politics, might be exported across the Irish Sea, and a true Union set up among the peoples brought into one Kingdom. Why not one Constitution for them all? To our lasting misfortune the Whigs, though finding in Locke a philosopher who expounded what we should now call Liberal ideas, entangled themselves in a compromise, as regarded both economics and religion. They would not suffer Ireland to develop her natural resources, lest she should compete with England in markets outside her own shores. And they were determined to "prevent the growth of Popery" in every way possible, short of putting the whole Irish Catholic population to the sword. At the same time, not only was the King a foreigner and an absentee, but the great officers of the Crown and vast numbers of

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landowners drew a yearly tribute from the country which was spent abroad, without any return in the shape of good government or of efficient protection. To sum up : If there was an "original contract" no vestige of its benefits could be discovered among the "English in Ireland," except so far as Parliaments at Westminster encouraged or compelled them to persecute their Catholic serfs by a Penal Code unexampled for its cruelty, meanness, and hypocrisy. Catholics, of course, were outlaws who could not plead any contract to shelter them from outrage. But the Colonists were themselves bitted and bridled by various commercial or trading restrictions to so lamentable an extent, that even Swift's truculence fell into sadness when he thought of it. "Our trade," he wrote to Archbishop King in 1729, "will never mend, the Navigation Act never be softened, our absentees never return, our endless foreign payments never be lessened, our own landlords never be less exacting." Year after year Ireland, native and Saxon, was governed by imported English Protestant bishops, like Hoadley, Boulter, and Stone, who sacrificed the country to the connection, while they looked upon Swift and Berkeley as factious intermeddlers with State affairs. But the question always returns : What did England give in exchange for the tribute she exacted and the power she wielded ? How did she fulfil the contract implied in her sovereignty ?

O'Connell once declared that the Whigs "had always proved the bitterest enemies of Ireland"; it was they who violated the Treaty of Limerick; who enacted the Penal Laws; who devised the Insurrection Act of 1807, precursor and model of Coercion Bills yet to be. So much as this remains undeniable, that the party of freedom was in power with brief intervals from the Battle of the Boyne to the French Revolution, and especially between 1688 and 1741, the period during which Ireland's degradation became chronic, was taken as a matter of course, and carefully fostered by law no less than by administration. The Penal Code, of which the enactments passed in 1703 by a Tory Parliament well exhibit the "terrified ferocity,"



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reduced Irish Catholics to servitude. I am quite willing to accept Mr. Lecky's account of it. "The Code," he says in his restrained manner, "was not mainly the result of religious feeling, but of policy." In ruder speech neither Whig nor Tory cared one jot for the conversion of the "papists" whom they were enslaving; and, indeed, as a shrewd observer remarked, "if the people had universally turned Protestant, it would have defeated the whole scheme," that scheme being intended to safeguard the immense confiscations already made during a hundred and twenty years, while providing by legal villainies for the seizure of what was left in Catholic hands. Zeal for religion was a mere pretext. "The word Protestant," said Burke, writing to his son Richard, "is the charm that locks up in the dungeon of servitude three millions of your people." To the same effect Lecky: "The Revolution had thrown all the resources and government of Ireland into the hands of a small Protestant minority, but it had not given that minority any security." Yet Catholics were defeated and disarmed; their captains gone oversea with the "wild geese"; their faith in the Stuarts was dead; and it is now acknowledged that if they had been suffered to practise their religion peaceably and to hold their remaining possessions according to the common law, they would never have attempted a rebellion, as, in fact, they never did until oppression drove them mad in Leinster in 1798. Such, I take it, was Lecky's opinion; for he admits that "the Code went far beyond the necessities of self-defence; it was continued long after all serious danger had passed; great parts of it bear clear traces of the passions produced by civil war, and of the monopolizing, selfish, and oppressive spirit which is the natural result of uncontrolled power; it produced more pernicious moral, social, and political effects than many sanguinary persecutions, and a great portion of it constitutes a flagrant breach of public faith." The consequences were portentous. "In Ireland, except in a few remote districts in the south and west, law was recognized by the Catholic community as a real,

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powerful, omnipresent agent, immoral, irreligious, and maleficent."

Under this iron-bound system, the historian goes on to say, "for the space of about eighty years the most absolute tranquillity" prevailed in Ireland. Much the same might be remarked of Bulgaria while the Turks held it captive, or of Greece under the Moslem yoke; but the title in Lecky's margin, "systematic degradation of the Irish Catholics," gives to that "absolute tranquillity" its genuine meaning. There is nothing to choose between the Briton and the Turk from this point of view. Neither of them, the Protestant not more than the Mohammedan, dreamt of fulfilling towards his helpless thralls any of the duties which a lawful government requires and implies in the ruler. The British government, in particular; menaced all along the religion, the property, the family, of every Catholic, while taking from him the law's protection in numberless ways, and tolerating him only, as Irish judges declared from the bench, for the purpose of afflicting and dishonouring the class to which he belonged. As we recall now these parliamentary and judicial utterances, these solemn commemorations of the Boyne, these assaults upon the peace of innocent homes, these kidnappings of Catholic children encouraged in speeches from the viceregal throne, these abominable threats to Catholic clergy venturing in from abroad, and then consider that we have before us the deliberate policy of enlightened Whig statesmen, contemporaries of Locke, Voltaire, and even of Washington, our amazement becomes extreme. What did they fear? Not the Papacy or the Catholic religion, which seemed to be losing strength everywhere in Europe. Not the Pretender, whose influence could hardly be discerned among the Irish, never enthusiastic for the Stuarts after the flight of James II. They feared the nation which neither sword nor code had been able utterly to destroy. The landlords were a conquering caste, backed by England's imperial resources. But the people were still not their people. The analogy of Turk and Greek held in Ireland; it holds to this day; and it brings out

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a formidable conclusion. There is no gainsaying it. Sooner or later, the Turk has always had to go, bag and baggage. The nation refused to die. Against the "resolute iniquity," as Ruskin justly termed it, of Dublin Castle executing laws which were founded neither on reason nor well-understood expediency, Irish Catholics opposed their religion, now taking on the glorious crimson hues of martyrdom, their ancient Gaelic speech, abounding in poetry, wit, and pathos, their home affections deep as life itself, and a strange buoyance of temper to be subdued by no misfortune. "I believe," said Ruskin, when he used the searching phrase quoted above, and was speaking to an Irish audience, "that in all great questions of principle, and in all details of administration of law, you have been usually right, and we wrong; sometimes in misunderstanding you, sometimes in resolute iniquity to you." I will finish my quotation later, merely saying now that this true seer had got to the essence and heart of our problem when he wrote concerning the Land League in 1879, "I assume the purpose to be that Ireland should belong to Irishmen; which is not only a most desirable but ultimately a quite inevitable condition of things—that being the assured intention of the Maker of Ireland, and all other lands."

Meanwhile, the "nation," as distinct from the "colony" and the "garrison," was imprisoned in an Irish Ghetto, deprived of education, of its natural leaders, and for sixty-six years of the franchise, so that in no respect did it count as a power with Government which, conniving at the exercise of religion under ignominious conditions, and inviting apostasy on terms full of dishonour, abandoned all thought of these forlorn disinherited, who had nowhere in Europe friends or allies to help them. They fell into complete silence during almost the whole of the Eighteenth Century. Swift brushed aside "the Irish papists, who are as inconsiderable in point of power as the women and children." He declared that it would be a "noble work" to root out the Gaelic language, and so turn these benighted "savage old Irish"

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from their barbarism. Not only did he never raise that ringing voice of his against the Penal Code, but he approved of its fiercest prohibitions, intended to keep the country secure from Catholic priests getting into it; and he hoped that no fresh licences would be granted as those now living died off. In plain terms, the Dean contemplated a persecution by attrition, even though it resulted in a worse than heathen folk destitute of Christian guidance and left morally to rot. Sardonic genius that he was, Swift could gibe in a sermon at "the bare name of Protestant" and the "profession of hating Popery, which a Turk or an Atheist may do" as well as those who conformed to the State Church by way of saving their property or seizing that of their kith and kin. He knew well how impossible the conversion of the native Irish to Anglicanism had been and ever would prove to be. Yet he condemned them to virtual slavery because they obeyed conscience with a martyr's steadfastness.

I dwell upon Swift's mind and attitude for a decisive reason. He prided himself on being absolutely an Englishman; and so he was; but some high Providence had chosen this Yorkshire Jonathan to be the first of a long line of Protestants, ending in Charles Parnell, who were destined to set Catholics free from religious bondage and Ireland from the English pretension to govern it in an alien interest. The task is not complete; nevertheless, who can doubt that it will be, as Ruskin said, ultimately successful? Emancipation has gone through stages, political, religious, commercial, agrarian, with vicissitudes of tragic circumstance. Its keynote was struck in those quaintly named "Drapier's Letters," now familiar, I suppose, only to students, though applicable to our time with slight alteration. They do not ventilate questions which have since called up thunder all round the sky, such as liberty of conscience, democracy, and socialism. Their main contention is a plea for the English colony against a step-mother country, *injuncta noverca suorum*. But, during the course of argument, Swift lays down principles which carry far beyond his actual inferences. The

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misery of Ireland was ever before his eyes. A sensible mother-country would have supported her colony and strengthened her garrison, by sharing with them all her advantages. Not so England. From 1660 onwards, the very year of Stuart Restoration, a series of Navigation Laws had annihilated the Irish carrying trade; Irish cattle and horses had been shut out from the English markets; William III had consented to forbid the exportation of wool from Ireland. In Lecky's summing up, this was the total outcome of a system cunningly devised at Westminster—the conquered nation lay completely within the grasp of England, and that grasp was tightened until almost every element of her prosperity was destroyed. Swift observes, "Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities wherever they pleased." And again, alluding to the fatal embargo that made an end of Irish seacraft, "The convenience of ports and harbours which Nature bestowed so liberally on this Kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." To strive with Britain he deemed hopeless. "The entire want of trade, the Navigation Act executed with the utmost rigour, the remission of a million every year to England," he thought, were "evils without the possibility of a cure."

Scarcely aware of it himself, Swift was already sketching the general principles of that cure concerning which he despaired. In his quality of a Protestant Dublin "drapier," he maintained that "We of Ireland are a free people," meaning thereby the oligarchy with its hangers-on who had made a "profession of hating Popery." The drapier proceeded to affirm that memorable axiom, of which perhaps he did not measure the full consequences, "In reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt." He went so far, indeed, philosophic tradesman that he had become in the course of running

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down Wood's half-pence, as to talk of those "rights which are the natural and undoubted inheritance of mankind." But keeping a sharp eye on reality he added, "I take the proper definition of law to be the will of the majority of those who have the property in land." Irish papists who meditated on such political wisdom might be led to resolve that they would not submit to be slaves one moment longer than they were compelled by superior power. They might set about discovering what rights belonged to them by natural inheritance. And since the making of laws depended on the possession of land, they might feel grateful to the Dublin Protestant who, in defining the true foundation of legality, had shown them a way to get back their lost grip on the country taken from them. Swift was no lover of abstractions; when he considered law his knowledge of men and history taught him that the source of power lies in some real concrete possession, of which land is everywhere ultimately the sign and substance. In politics he might be likened to the physiocrats in economics; and his whole Irish plan of campaign was a series of efforts, not without resemblance to Berkeley's in *The Querist*, by which the nation, masters and slaves united, should learn how to cultivate and to use the produce of their own country. His general position he drew in biting words. "I conceive," says the drapier, now hardly hidden by the Dean's flowing cassock, "this poor unhappy island to have a title to some indulgence from England; not only upon the score of Christianity, natural equity, and the general rights of mankind, but chiefly on account of that immense profit they receive from us, without which that kingdom would make a very different figure in Europe from what it doth at present." He also pointed out the way to gain that indulgence, though in covert language; "The great ignominy of a whole kingdom lying so long at mercy under so vile an adversary," as William Wood, or more precisely the Duchess of Kendal, George I's German mistress who had sold Wood the patent for coining, "is such a deplorable aggravation, that the utmost expressions



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of shame and rage are too low to set it forth ; and, therefore, I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a Parliament."

In Swift's days the Dublin Parliament, however zealous in tormenting defenceless Catholics, was of small account, liable to be satirized by the Dean with a fiendish glee for its imbecility and corruption ; it was the " Legion Club " whose misdemeanours, real or fancied, gave occasion to his almost insane song of hatred, the last verses he wrote. Until it expired with its century the Parliament never ceased to be corrupt ; its venality remains among the world's historical wonders. It shook off, however, the imbecility which clung to it during the Walpolean Era, winning for itself, under the inspiration of Swift's own teaching, a place which it will always keep as the standard-bearer of Irish independence and the champion of Irish free trade. From Swift to Flood is a distinct advance ; with Grattan we scale new heights and look out over Pisgah prospects. To employ a language convenient though not now in fashion, Henry Grattan revealed the universal values which lay concealed and merely implicit in Swift's particular claims. Something had taken place in the half-century which divided their political efforts. The Whig compromise, with its limitations due to party-spirit, religious animosities, and the story of conquest, was giving way before a movement of ideas vast enough to originate or to control the American Declaration of Independence, Burke's defence of the people of India exploited by Warren Hastings, and the French Revolution.

How far-reaching the difference was may perhaps be most easily measured by the " Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs " of Burke himself. We, " the later seed of time," consider those pages (if we glance over them at all) with mingled admiration, assent, and criticism. To speak the simple truth, we care not one straw for Sir Joseph Jekyll, or the Whig managers against Dr. Sacheverell, or the " original contract " ; and we laugh at the Whig lawyers' clumsy attempt to bring the Revolution



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of 1688 somehow within the letter of the law. We feel amused when they all but disappear in the gulf of passive obedience. Not for these Byzantine subtleties do we treasure Burke's attachment to historic tradition, social order, ethical principles. He was undoubtedly a Whig by descent ; but he was in virtue of native genius much more. He clove to Lord Somers, yet his guide was Montesquieu, and in making the moral imperative supreme over States no less than over individuals, he transcended Whiggism. He loathed Rousseau, the father of Jacobins, not without reason ; but on grounds identical he reprobated "ascendancy" in his native land, calling it "the resolution of one set of people to consider themselves as the sole citizens in the Commonwealth, and to keep a dominion over the rest by reducing them to absolute slavery under a military power, and thus fortified to divide the public estate, which is the result of general contribution, as a booty among themselves." He praised the alliance of Church and State in England ; but this did not hold him back from condemning outright the "principles and provisions" of a Code by which Irish Catholics were "totally excluded from the privileges of the Commonwealth," and he speaks of "that equality without which you can never be fellow-citizens." He would never allow that "any majority of men told by the head" deserved the honourable and juridical appellation of "the People," in which protest on behalf of law and order who is there among reflecting friends of democracy that would not join ? But he told the Americans who stood in arms to defend their liberty that they were "not at war with this nation" ; and that he and the soundest part of it would much rather see them independent of Britain than "joined to it by so unnatural a conjunction as that of freedom and servitude." Take our greatest of Irishmen altogether, and we may say of him with an acute critic, "He was never quite Whig and never quite Tory, but a kind of impersonal magazine of universal truths."

This, then, is what had come to pass in a century

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which, beginning with Locke and English Whig family compacts engrossed on the parchment of Magna Charta, was to end in the French Revolution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man. From a domestic controversy between James II and his Protestant subjects the issues had broadened out until every race, colour, and condition might claim its just due in the scheme of a rational world. England's freedom had seemed to involve Ireland's slavery, total as regarded the beaten Catholics, and not much alleviated for the "Colony" itself, bound down by legislative and commercial fetters. The recognized policy might be summed up in a couple of classic quotations—to the Papists, *non licet esse vos*; to the English in Ireland, *sic vos non vobis*. These "limitations and exploitations" were plainly not to be defended by appealing to universal truth; given adequate force, political or military, they would be swept away to the relief of men's property and conscience, while the country which they had gone near to ruining might now prosper as a united realm. If Burke had a "mind and temperament not quite human," thanks to his detachment from local interest, there was another Irishman, unique too in his genius, who lived and died the perfect patriot—of course I mean Henry Grattan.

Ireland has had three captains during her efforts after self-government, most unlike one another, each a supreme success and a melancholy failure—Grattan, O'Connell, and Parnell. Of these I figure to myself Grattan as "the pure severity of perfect light"; O'Connell was a Kerry day, marked by changing smiles and tears; Parnell, the evening thunder-cloud winged with fire, falling in tempest on a fear-smitten land. They were all characters in a tragedy, the like of which I cannot find; it is still on the boards, scene following scene, every situation dramatic to the point of anguish or fierce rage, but the *dénouement* lingers. O'Connell is the one leader of Celtic name brought forth by his people; he left no successor. The other captains, Grattan and Parnell, belonged to the ruling caste. O'Connell was a devout Catholic; these

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were members of the Irish Church, so-called ; but in Grattan's era that Church governed the State; and when Parnell rose to eminence it had been deprived of its supremacy, but retained a social power still hostile to freedom.

Of Grattan himself, Lecky has written a true and touching biography, perhaps the most energetic, as it is certainly the most felicitous in point of style, among his compositions. One paragraph I must be suffered to transcribe, as illustrating my own observations thrown out a little previously, on the change from party pleadings to philosophical arguments which is distinctive of this great leader in the Dublin Parliament during its last period :

"No British orator except Chatham," says Lecky, "had an equal power of firing an educated audience with an intense enthusiasm, or of animating and inspiring a nation. No British orator except Burke had an equal power of sowing his speeches with profound aphorisms and associating transient questions with eternal truths. His thoughts naturally crystallized into epigrams ; his arguments were condensed with such admirable force and clearness that they assumed almost the appearance of axioms ; and they were often interspersed with sentences of concentrated poetic beauty, which flashed upon the audience with all the force of sudden inspiration and which were long remembered and repeated. Some of his best speeches combined much of the value of philosophical dissertations with all the charm of the most brilliant declamation. I know, indeed, none in modern times, except those of Burke, from which the student of politics can derive so many maxims of political wisdom, and none which are more useful to those who seek to master that art of condensed energy of expression in which he almost equalled Tacitus."

All this, no doubt, was in accordance with a large impersonal movement, call it the Spirit of the Age, expressed by men so unlike as Rousseau and Washington. "A hundred years passed," observes Lord Acton, "before Whiggism assumed the universal and scientific character. In the American speeches of Chatham and Camden, in Burke's writings from 1778 to 1783, in the *Wealth of Nations*, and the tracts of Sir William Jones, there is an immense

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development. The national bounds are overcome. The principles are sacred, irrespective of interests." Now to this movement Irish Catholics were hindered from contributing directly by their isolation, their lack of European learning, their poverty, and their dread of consequences. Not so the Irish Protestants, Anglican or Presbyterian, whether in the Parliament on College Green, as the Volunteers of 1782, or as United Irishmen later. We remember that Macaulay, quoting the language of Wolfe Tone for his purpose, denounced that Parliament as "the most tyrannical, the most venal, the most unprincipled assembly that ever sate on the face of the earth." Be it so, yet granting all that is implied in this condemnation, we must not overlook the benefits which came to Ireland from College Green, by the long continued untiring efforts of its genuine patriots, among whom Lecky numbers with pride "Malone and Hutchinson, Flood and Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Foster, Parsons, Forbes, and Burrows, men who would have done honour to any Parliament." Flood won for it the Octennial Bill; he awakened the country to a much-needed interest in parliamentary discussions; he set before it a programme of reform, and with Hussey Burgh, aided by the persuasive artillery of the Volunteers, he compelled the Government of Lord North to pass a whole series of measures which removed the chief obstacles to Irish trade. At last the country was free to develop its internal resources and a great wave of prosperity followed. Moreover, Flood and Charlemont were prepared to strike off religious disabilities from the necks of Catholics, though strongly opposed to granting them the franchise and upholding the "ascendancy" on principle. It was Grattan who saw that "unqualified emancipation" and nothing else would settle the Catholic Question. But Ireland's legislative independence must come before all; and Grattan achieved it in one of the most picturesque episodes of history, the famous Declaration of 1782.

This was the climax of a struggle continued since 1768, by which the duration of Parliament had been limited,

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commercial restrictions on foreign and colonial trade largely done away, the judges made immovable, the perpetual Mutiny Act repealed, the Irish army brought under parliamentary control, the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish House of Lords restored, and the British claim to make laws for Ireland solemnly surrendered at Westminster. Unfortunately, then as so often afterwards, the Paramount Power yielded not simply to the voice of reason but to the force of circumstances and the menace of an armed rising or invasion from abroad. Those years between 1768 and 1782 witnessed the final break with America, the appearance of combined French and Spanish fleets in English home waters, the sudden creation of a purely Irish army, resolved on conquering Free Trade, and favourable to the Catholic claims. By the Acts of 1774, 1778, and 1782, though Catholics did not gain political power, they secured under an oath of allegiance a legal position, and were allowed openly to practise their religion. Freedom of education, and leave to acquire long leaseholds, but not to own land absolutely, could not be denied them, so rapidly was opinion changing, not simply in their favour, but swept from the old paths of chartered monopoly towards universal toleration, better named the Brotherhood of Man.

Then burst upon Europe the French Revolution—that Day of Judgment foreseen by D'Argenson, Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, not, however, curiously enough, by Burke, whose veneration for established institutions dimmed his prophetic vision. But consider the night of August 4th, 1789, when, at one sitting, says Carlyle, “they abolish Tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive Preservation of Game; nay, Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism, root and branch.” Here was a lesson for unemancipated Irish Catholics, Ulster Republicans, and, if they had eyes to read it, for the “ascendancy men” who, led by Fitzgibbon, son of a renegade or conforming Papist, were determined not to yield an inch to the “common enemy” they still trampled on, or to the British Ministry, alarmed at a Revolution which had in it all the

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perils of a new religion. Grattan pleaded in vain. The Catholics themselves, plucking up courage, in October, 1791, issued a declaration "demanding in peremptory tones the complete abolition of the Penal Code." Did they know what a power the "seemingly moribund" Church they belonged to had suddenly become in the eyes of British statesmen, Pitt, Dundas, and Grenville? Hardly I think, yet so it was; "in the great struggle," says Lecky, "Catholicism appeared to them the most powerful moral influence opposed to the Revolution. All over Europe it was now the rallying-point of Conservatism." Burke was a steady friend of the Catholics; he desired them to have the franchise and some share in administration, that so they might add strength to the Irish Parliament against French ideas. The oligarchy refused to listen; and he warned them, "You are partly leading, partly driving, into Jacobinism that description of your people whose religious principles, church polity, and habitual discipline might make them an invincible dyke against that inundation. This you have a thousand mattocks and pickaxes lifted up to demolish. You make a sad story of the Pope. *O seri studiorum!*" In the first sentence of this remarkable and prescient passage we seem to be hearing the very accents of Joseph de Maistre; in the following, what alteration would be needed to make it an address to the Ulster which perpetuates national disunion lest the Holy See should confiscate the riches of Belfast?

Fitzgibbon held out, and prepared the way for a false Union which Castlereagh, "buying the fee simple of corruption," purchased with Ireland's own money and a shower of titles, from a Parliament as deliberately packed as an Irish jury on a political issue. There is no ground to charge either of these able and unscrupulous men with getting up the Rebellion of 1798 in order to force the hand of England. Of the two Fitzgibbon is, to my feeling, the less unpardonable; he was a truculent, outspoken Junker, quite Prussian in conduct and bearing, ready to burn down "popish chapels" as a deterrent on



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secret societies, and a calm spectator of yeomanry and Hessian atrocities during the wild uprising of a people driven to madness ; but he never, like Lord Castlereagh, pretended to be a patriot. The Irish Government was true to itself until the end. Pitt and his advisers, in 1793, made up their minds to grant a Catholic Relief Bill, which was "by far the largest and most liberal concession"; Catholics won real power with the elective franchise in counties and boroughs on the same terms as Protestants, admission to grand juries and petty juries, to the magistracies, to commissions in army and navy, to nearly all civil offices, to degrees in Dublin University ; and they might endow their own schools. The Irish Parliament which passed the measure was not illiberal ; the Irish Ministers gave way only to positive commands from London. But in 1795 Fitzgibbon had his revenge. At the moment when, by a Coalition between the Whigs under the Duke of Portland with Pitt's government, it seemed that Grattan's policy of moderate reform and complete emancipation would prevail, there came about the strange incident of Lord Fitzwilliam's appointment and recall. It has never been cleared up to full satisfaction. We can scarcely, however, doubt that the leading character who defeated the scheme of conciliation was Lord Fitzgibbon, exalted immediately afterwards to the Earldom of Clare ; that he employed a double weapon, the dismissal of his kinsman, John Beresford, and the conscience of the King, George III ; and that from the peril of Catholic Ireland, now nearly able to counter-balance Protestant ascendancy, this determined man plucked the necessity of a Union with Great Britain in whose Parliament Catholics might never sit and could not, by any contrivance, become a majority.

To this consummation the mind of Pitt had been always tending. The problem which we call Federalism was not to be handled by Whigs or Tories, enamoured of our perfect Constitution. America had only begun to show what State rights meant, and how to combine them successfully with a central Government. Pitt felt the



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strain of two Parliaments and a single Executive as something intolerable ; and since he could not hit upon the device of a limited but responsible Ministry in Dublin, he resolved that one united Parliament should be set up in London. Behind these questions of constitutions and machinery lay the much more formidable unknown quantities of power and danger, indicated by the democratic passions of Ulster and the awakening sense of Catholics. The name of Wolfe Tone contained a menace and pointed to triumphant France. A new world might arise on the ruins of the old. Again, if Catholics were not acknowledged to be "citizens," as the jargon had it, would they join the French-minded democrats in a day of invasion ? Pitt's resolve was to unite the Legislatures and emancipate the Catholics altogether. He succeeded, by shameful means, in getting the Irish Houses of Parliament to sell the nation's rights for cash and peerages. But against emancipation the King was inflexible even to insanity. The Irish problem, thus arrested in its full solution, marked time until 1829, and even until 1832. Then it entered the Parliament, reformable and reformed, with Daniel O'Connell. It became the dominant factor in democratic expansion and social reconstruction.

When Grattan died in London, June 6th, 1820, says Mr. Lecky, "a request was made to his friends that his remains might rest in Westminster Abbey. . . He lies near the tomb of Pitt and Fox. The place is an honourable one ; but it was the only honour bestowed on him. Not a bust, not an epitaph, marks the spot where the greatest of Irish orators sleep ; but one stately form seems to bend in triumph over that unnoticed grave. It is the statue of Castlereagh, 'the statesman of the Legislative Union.'"

On this superb note of irony the historian ends his book. Let us admire it, and add that Grattan's epitaph is written in three words, "Ireland a Nation." They are words of power to which Castlereagh's ghost, with a dreadful line across its throat, must do homage. If the Union had revered and fulfilled them, well ; but after

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one hundred and eighteen years what can we call it except the seed-plot of dissension, coercion, and scandal in the world's sight ? There is no Union ; there is only a state of siege. Over all Continents we hear the cry passing victorious, "Self-Determination," of which the better English is "Home Rule," and the Irish long ago known to me is "Sinn Fein." Were Grattan living with us now he would speak the word of wisdom and decision, telling Ulstermen that never henceforth could they be a mere colony in the old Dalriada, for they were part and parcel of the Nation he had raised out of the tomb ; telling Catholics and Protestants alike to remember their Mother Erin ; bidding them draw from the kindly earth and air of their lovely land inspiration for a common task, never to be accomplished by them sundered and apart. English they cannot be while they are at home within the four seas of Ireland. To each and all Grattan's voice appeals as that of their truest patriot ; and when he exclaimed, "Ireland is now a Nation. In that character I hail her, and bowing in her august presence, I say *Esto perpetua* !" he uttered a prophecy sure to be ratified by the League of Nations in the day now dawning on a new world.

WILLIAM BARRY.

## THE GNOSTIC WILL-O'- THE-WISP

SOME time ago I had occasion to visit a shop where Theosophist literature was sold, for the purpose of verifying some references. The lady in charge, who displayed throughout the utmost amiability, ended by asking me if I were not the author of a book on Theosophy. "A very small book," I apologized. "Oh," she cried, "let me thank you. It has taught even *me* some Theosophy!" "That is odd," I said; "I am a Catholic." "Yes," she continued, "And that only shows how one we are in heart." "Perhaps," I said, "but not in creed." "Oh, not the ordinary Romanist, of course," she insisted, "but men like you, initiates, who know the Secret Doctrine." "Neither I nor any other Catholic," I declared, "can receive any such initiation. There is no secret doctrine." "Ah, naturally you have to say that. That is imposed upon you, I know. You are forbidden to betray the Esoteric Truth." "Madam," I said, "what can I possibly say to assure you that there is no such thing? Would my word of honour be any good?" "Well," she sighed, "of course if *you* don't know it, that only proves *how well the secret is kept*." Now, what, I ask you, can one do with that?

Theosophy, which is attracting a very large number of adepts, and seduces even a percentage of Catholics, intelligent by nature, from their faith, appears to me to allure, in the main, three sorts of persons.

There are those who succumb willingly to its Abacadabra. They derive satisfaction from the unlovely fairy-lands described by Mr. Leadbeater, say, in his *Astral Plane*, or in his *Devachanic Plane*; or by Mr. Scott Elliot in his *Lost Lemuria*, and *The Story of Atlantis*. It is they who at once cover themselves with cascades of cabalistic emblems, and interlard their conversation with words like *astral*, or *occult*, *esoteric*, or *aura*; or with

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fragments of ancient language, like *dharma*, or *hierophant*; and do not differ very much from schoolboys, who (under the spell of the latest story-book) hail one another with scraps of Zulu, or talk like Elizabethans, or the ancient Hebrews; or again, from schoolgirls, who delight in codes and secrets generally. This does not matter very much; there are always a good many grown-ups who retain these tastes of children; and Theosophy just supplies them with a language. They don't believe too much in what they talk about. Here is one difference between their paraphernalia and booklets, and the sorry stuff in art and literature for which Catholic shops find, regrettably, a public. Our medals, stories and pious prints pre-suppose, and have no meaning apart from, a perfectly coherent and recognizable faith. They are not mascots, nor mere jargon, though to outsiders they certainly look and sound just that. Moreover, they are subjected to a pretty stiff ecclesiastical, though not artistic nor literary, censorship; unorthodoxy is not to be hinted at by them. At worst, they are mere negative caricatures. But Theosophist wares go unrebuked: the door is wide open to every folly of the imagination; and all that is meaninglessly odd can be accounted for by declaring that it is Mystic.

Probably the special feeling of annoyance which this element of popular Theosophy produces is due to the fact that, as such, it is out of date. We submit far more readily to the labels and catchwords of Eugenists, Educationists and Hygienic Moralists, though they are bad enough. But all this farrago of mythology and the *mise-en-scène* of occultism are seen at their best, and are far more in place, in Madame Blavatsky's books and period. First, because she was an extremely entertaining woman, and a great personality, whereas no modern Theosophists we have met strike us like that; they even seem quite incapable of a laugh. She, however, a woman of few illusions, with a confessed delight in gulling gullible humanity, supplied it large-heartedly with what it wanted. And it wanted *that* jargon. That was when

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people offered to sing you songs of Araby ; and romance, predominantly Byronic, asked for Corsairs and Aïdées at the nearest. Only the foreign interested. Besides this, knowledge of India, Egypt and Babylon was undoubtedly being born anew, and etymology itself made all sorts of promises, fulfilled quite differently from what, often enough, was expected. Wild theories fumed upwards ; spider-webs of inter-connected cults, ideas and names, were being fashioned ; all sorts of fascinating possibilities were hinted at, and very likely Madame Blavatsky often believed that what she incorporated from optimistic manuals, or big books like Dupuis, was true ; and, more than half, that her own flashing reconstructions of the material might turn out really to have something in them. At any rate, she is, historically, quite symptomatic ; and, personally, far from unattractive. But in her modern imitators this sort of stuff doesn't, or shouldn't, attract.

There are those, next, who base their Theosophist reading of the soul and of history upon the data of clairvoyance. They acknowledge that the ordinary man of science or research cannot reach the conclusions, or "knowledge" which Theosophy achieves, because he does not possess the material nor use the psychic machinery, which alone can obtain it. Now, far from sneering at clairvoyance, we are convinced that it, and allied phenomena, like telepathy, ought to be studied far more closely and scientifically. And not least by Catholics. The scope of our psychology has already been widened, with definite results in the area of our treatises on prayer. Thus Father Poulain\* readily perceives that the study of the subconscious much modifies our judgment of the apparent *suddenness* which both St. Teresa and St. Ignatius regarded as an argument for the divine character of a "consolation." But this study should be, itself, rigidly scientific. And I am bound to say that I have never seen the symptom of a symptom of any such rigour of observation and verification in any Theosophist writing. The assertion that this or that is "known to many of us,"

\* *Les Grâces d'Oraison.*

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or accessible to "those who function easily on super-normal planes," is constant ; either the author gives you to understand that he is himself one of the privileged, or appeals to what has been affirmed, or handed down, by Great Masters, Elder Brothers, those, in fact, who used to be called Mahatmas, and domiciled, as a rule, so safely in Tibet. But we are being told that they, or their immediate disciples, are now far easier of access, and that the veil is being far more readily lowered ; they are now "for the first time in this world's history giving out such information freely." In all this we notice, first, the contrast to the behaviour of, say, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, constantly quoted as genuine Christian mystics. They had, for first principles, to submit their experiences whole-heartedly and in minutest detail, to the doctrine of the Gospels, as interpreted and imposed by the Church. At the slightest hint of divergence, they would have declared their "visions" to be the work of the devil. And without the least doubt they would both of them have regarded modern Theosophy, root and branch, as a fairly clumsy ruse of Satan. But that was their Spanish bigotry . . . At any rate, they not only tested their supernormal states and experiences with a ruthlessness unknown to the most scientific of modern psychologists, all of them amateurs in this department, but (in common with all great Catholic mystics) shrank from and, indeed, resisted the phenomena accepted, and claimed, by these others, whom we have met or read of, with such horrible light-heartedness. And St. Teresa postponed the sublimest experience of the "spiritual marriage," in importance, to the practice of the virtues, an ideal not to be diagnosed in the concrete examples which Theosophy offers to our study. And not St. Teresa's visions were for giving us information about Lemuria ; she did not even vouch for El Dorado.

A recent example of the application of clairvoyance to history is offered in Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article, "Creeds More or Less Credible" (*Nineteenth Century*, July, 1918). I quote from this, not because he says anything new, or

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better than elsewhere, but because it is what I have noticed last. He begins by recognizing a *rapprochement* between "science" and "religion," due partly to the increased modesty of science, which is "negotiating with the unseen," partly to the realization by the "wise churchman" that concessions are likely to lead to "settled peace," less dangerous for "institutions and substantial interests" than exposure to battering-rams. The "enlightened Freethinker" sheds the "folly of denying whatever he does not understand," while the ecclesiastic "knows that he must adapt his faith to the uniformities of Nature." The man of science will not like this talk; and the churchman will deny its premisses; but Mr. Sinnett wishes to arrive at the approval, by Christians, of "allegory," in the Scriptures first, then in the Creeds. He quotes Canon Glazebrook's modernist sanction of a "symbolical" interpretation of the clauses asserting Christ's resurrection and virgin birth, and himself concentrates some of the ribaldry which he had said was "extinct" to the topic of the Ascension. As a matter of fact, all these paragraphs can affect only those who have no doctrine of a Church guaranteed infallibly to sanction and interpret her own documents. To Mr. Sinnett, however, the Creeds include references to events which "outrage common sense"; and statements which, if not "metaphorical," must have been "swallowed" by those who made them, albeit "absurd on the face"; and as implying what is "fabulous," and, if followed out in detail, "deplorably degrading." The Athanasian creed as it stands is of a "naked brutality," contains "blasphemous absurdities," and is, in short, "gibberish."

In the light, however, of "modern knowledge," all becomes clear. The "current versions" of the Creed have been the product of "clumsy editing." The "Higher Occultism of recent years" enables us to distinguish between the "streak of inspiration" and the "superposed blundering" of the "unenlightened transmitters." We can get behind the "gross misunderstand-



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ing" which in the Nicene Creed developed into the unfortunate expression "the only begotten Son of God," and "exchange the blasphemous meaning" of various clauses for "greater subtleties of spiritual truth." To judge, for instance, of the Ascension story, we must know the ritual of "Ancient Egypt" as it initiated people into the mysteries, "ages before the Christian Era." The candidate lay down in a hollowed wooden cross, was bound to it—loosely, "to suggest the voluntary character of the sacrifice"—was put (mesmerically) into a deep trance, which involved the emergence from the body of his real consciousness in the astral form. The body was placed in a sarcophagus. "In the astral body the real entity was confronted with varied experiences educating him in the idea that he—the real entity—was beyond the reach of injury from fire, water, or even the subtler perils of the underworld." On the third day the physical body was revived, and its "resurrection—the return to it of the real ego—was accomplished." Other super-physical suggestions "may have been in the mind of those who sketched the earliest draft of the Creed." Before the revival, "the candidate had touch . . . with sublime levels of consciousness, as definitely an ascent into Heaven as the under-world experiences were a descent into Hell." How did allusions to all this enter the Christian Creed? Well, the Egyptian ritual was itself an allegory "based on fundamental ideas connected with the science of evolution—fully understood by those who invented the ritual . . . Whoever infused into that early creed literature the first suggestion for a formula of belief must have had the Egyptian allegory in his mind, together with a perfect comprehension of its deep meaning, as also embodied in the Christian story." It is deplorable that the "stagnant majority" of the clergy, who know no more of their job than did the "barber-surgeons of the Middle Ages," refuse to avail themselves of this or similar lore, in the possession of illuminated spiritual guides.

Now in all this Mr. Sinnett begins by addressing the ordinary man, with the pose of using ordinary evidence.

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He appeals to ancient Egyptian ritual and builds on that. He has for material some very old paintings, scenes and picture-words, and then interprets them. Now until the fact and reliability of clairvoyance is here *assumed*, all that he then proceeds to say is worthless.\* For Egyptologists do not agree about the meaning of these diagrams even on the "material plane." They cannot be sure what *happened*, or even if anything happened, or was suggested as happening. Everything to do with the very existence of ancient Egyptian mysteries is more or less probable conjecture. It is not known whether any man was "bound" to anything. As to the "looseness" of his binding, the pictures could not suggest that or the reverse. Purer conjecture is the *motive* of his binding (supposing it happened at all) "to suggest the voluntary character of the sacrifice." Conjecture. Mr. Sinnett has further to assume a "mesmeric sleep"; the existence, too, of "astral bodies," and that allusion to them is in place here; and, finally, the experiences of some Real Entity or Ego. In none of it has he any normal evidence at all to draw upon. Early Egyptian psychology and eschatology are obscure enough in themselves. Of their relation to possible mysteries, nothing is known. For the moods engendered by the mysteries of a post-Christian epoch, the only evidence—if evidence it be—is supplied by the conclusion of Apuleius's romance; and if, indeed, Apuleius be a product of the sublimest initiation known to man, well, we are sorry for all concerned. From this scaffolding of hypothesis, Mr. Sinnett has to step off on to another airy platform, where he discovers an even more

\* I must confess that even for the grain of seeming fact offered to us—the binding to a wooden cross, occurring in "early Egyptian mysteries"—we have to take refuge in clairvoyance. The eminent Egyptologist whose sanction I have sought since I wrote this article knows of no evidence as to early Egyptian initiation rites, nor, in particular, of anyone being bound to a cross nor to anything like one; nor of any material information, even Gnostic, other than Apuleius's, about Egyptian "mysteries"; nor of anything which would permit even the early Osiris passion plays to be described in detail. He cannot believe that what I have shown him, in Mr. Sinnett's article, is founded on anything known from Egypt. So *all* the article in *The Nineteenth Century*, with its scientific "apparatus" and its violences and uproar, is based on the data of clairvoyance only, and that Mr. Sinnett's authorities are clairvoyant is based upon his word only.

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purely conjectural Drafter of Christian Creeds, fully aware of what the imaginary Egyptian is surmised as having done or thought. A platform? No; Mr. Sinnett is supporting himself in mid clouds, by his own hair.

The point is, that in all the "history" related to us by Theosophist writers, either the *whole* is vouched for by clairvoyance only, or we find, as it were, one grain of fact, like grit in a mass of cotton-wool, and all the rest has to be taken upon faith. In fact, these writers are wise when they do throw their whole weight upon clairvoyance. It is perfectly true that "the occultist claims to have resources at his disposal that leave mere literary research panting in the rear." Whether it pants or not, it assuredly is left. Indeed, it is defied, and with fatal results to the Theosophist. For either he is bound to say that he has no evidence of credibility for his clairvoyance—and then, why should we believe it?—or that he has ordinary evidence accessible in the ordinary way. But if the first-fruits of clairvoyance are to make hay of all historical evidence whatsoever, it has cut the ground from beneath its own feet. In the long run, one is asked to believe in clairvoyance, because clairvoyance says it is true. This is a circle even more vicious than that which Catholics are told they make (though they do not) when they are accused of believing in the Church because of the Scriptures, and in the Scriptures because of the Church.

More respect should be shown to those who seek from Theosophy an ultimate explanation of Life; and to this, indeed, all departmental myths and their interpretation are meant, we are told, to lead. The general philosophy, on its side, is to illuminate the dark formulæ of creeds, and reach the "actual truth hinted at" by metaphor. This involves our going "rather deeply," says Mr. Sinnett, "into modern developments of super-physical science."

An exasperating feature of modern Theosophy is that it vulgarizes all it touches. Whenever you are told its views are lofty or subtle or deep, you know that

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you are about to find a frivolous and confused amalgam of very respectable and ancient notions, stated in terms borrowed from modern sciences inaccurately understood. Thus Mr. Sinnett's remaining pages offer a metaphysic full of recognizable and reputable elements cruelly mishandled, much decorated with expressions taken from physics, and reduced to utter confusion by a strong dose of metaphor, valueless when analysed. Not that we are likely to think poorly of Platonism or of Stoicism, nor of their historical developments and matings, nor yet of the saner parts of Neo-Platonism, nor even of elements in those Gnostic systems which crystallized within the seething mass of ideas and practices observable after the entry of Christianity into the world.\* But we do hate to see the less stable or fruitful elements in all this reproduced in a deteriorated form and offered as peculiarly new and noble. It is like discovering (as I believe plenty of people do) a transcendent Gospel in Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. That lady's poems are indeed a genuine portent : her popularity is a startling comment on the intelligence and taste of a vast part of England and America. But if you have, say, Shakespeare to tell you about human nature, and St. John or even Dante to tell you about Heaven, and you turn to *Nash's Magazine*, and prefer Miss Corelli to St. Teresa . . . well, that is like going to these "enlightened" gentlemen for what Plato, or even Plutarch, Plotinus and Iamblichus had to say.

It is certain that when humanity has felt deeply the mystery of its own life and of the world about it, it has been driven to speculate upon the existence and nature of God, or on the relation of God to the universe, or the survival and destiny of the soul, and on the rules for spiritual success. We know that much can be told us, here, by the right use of human reason, and more by that

\* We have mentioned Gnosticism. This is the true ancestor of the Theosophist version of Christianity. We believe that the historical origins of orthodox Christianity are ascertainable, and that its development is organic and unbroken. And we say Theosophist Christianity is wholly alien to all this, but a degenerate offspring of the Gnostics. Exactly, it will answer; but the primitive Christianity *was* Gnostic; which begs the question for all save a clairvoyant, who corrects his evidence.

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revelation which we believe to be unique, ultimate and authoritative and guaranteed by trustworthy motives of credibility. We know, too, the exact meaning of the word "mystery," and at what points in our creed the fact of a "mystery" is reached, and how mysteries do not conflict with the human reason they none the less transcend; and how supernatural grace enables us to believe them, in this life, upon God's word, until it shall introduce us to that supernatural vision in the next, when faith shall become sight. We know, moreover, and in the same way, of the incorporation of the Christian with Christ, of the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and of the sacramental "system," on which Christ has willed His Church to be organized. Therefore there is no avenue in thought, asceticism, and mysticism which is closed to us. Stagnation in any of these departments is not to be thought of; progress is inevitable, and verified by experience. Stimulus is ever present. At the same time, reason and faith alike insist on certain truths which the inquisitive and aspiring brain and heart may not neglect; the essential unicity, transcendence and immutability of the Infinite God; the fact of Creation, and God's difference from those creatures in whom He is present, none the less, in a unique way; the limitation for ever imposed, by its creatureship, upon the soul; the character of the destiny allotted to it; and the difference between nature and super-nature. Here, then, is the check, the humbling law, the discipline. The materialist removes the stimulus\*: the Theosophist removes the discipline. He spills himself out like water; he breaks down the dykes of sanity; he is neither the "frozen ice" he deems orthodoxy to be, nor yet the "dancing river" he imagines himself, but a slop.

At the root of this is the fact that Theosophy ruins the true doctrine of the nature of God, and of His distinction from the created. Mr. Sinnett begins his description of the formation of a Solar System by affirming the coales-

\* Read the article on "Venereal Prophylaxia, a Layman's View," in the same magazine, by Mr. Hugh Elliott.

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cence of "molecular matter from the atomic raw material pervading all space." "We need not talk about the origin of that," he adds, "any more than about the beginning of eternity." Needn't we? But here precisely is the point which matters. Here may be inserted all the Pantheism, Monism, and Gnostic Emanationism you afterwards may please.\* Anyhow, after the molecular matter has formed a globe suitable to become a "living planet," "Divine power pours out from itself the life principle." Hence, vegetable and animal life. Later still, "a further emanation from divinity invests definite beings with what is sometimes called the 'Divine Spark,' with that which renders such beings immortal, capable of developing through successive Earth-Lives the loftier attributes of intellect and spirituality. The three stages are described by many phrases: sometimes as three waves of Atmic influence; sometimes as the first, second, and third Logos; sometimes as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

These confused metaphors (to invest with a Spark!) and vague phrases (an "emanation from divinity": "developing the attributes" . . .) are susceptible of quite different meanings; but they no doubt are meant to represent the emanationist doctrine familiar in history, and expressive of thought struggling to bridge this chasm between the Absolute and the "Lower World." Once more, this is the degenerate offspring of Gnosticism, itself the enfeebled descendant of a dignified ancestry.

\* This "economy" of belief is in keeping with Theosophist tradition. Mrs. Besant, before she deserted Theosophist propaganda for politics, was as "Hinduist" in India as she was "Christianist" in England, and as Colonel Olcott was Buddhist in Ceylon. One may panegyricize clairvoyance, and assert "cycles of existence" thereby discoverable; but, better advised than Sir Oliver Lodge with his preternatural cigars, one will refrain from Mr. Leadbeater's mystical blanc-mange, the destined food of the Sixth Root Race. And one may allegorize the Creeds, and say that the "Virgin Birth" means the animation of brute matter by the Logos; but one will refrain from reproducing, as someone clairvoyantly does, the *original* manuscript of the Creeds, which contained the names neither of Jesus Christ nor of Pontius Pilate, but are to have asserted that the Excellent Healer suffered under the dense Sea: *ἡγήρων ἀριστον* and *πόντου πιλῆτον* stood for *ἰησον* [sic] *χριστόν* and *ποντίου πιλᾶτον*, a text afterwards corrupted, by grosser Theologians, into the "historical" statements we now read.



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Gnosticism never did explain anything ; still less does it do so in the hands of its modern exponents. Again : there is nothing new in the Theosophist system ; what is old is not good ; that it should have deteriorated still further than ever is no evidence of loftier or more subtle qualities than those of ordinary humanity.

In all this there is really a moral co-efficient. By that I mean the state of a man's will in which he prides himself on belonging to an *élite*. That again is a permanent element in all Gnosticism, and it unites the "enlightened" philosopher to the Abracadabrist. How is it that one can never meet a Theosophist who does not *pose* ? The pose may be unconscious ; unconscious, too, the inner conviction of superiority ; but both are there ; and the most intelligent and normally decent-minded of these people are not long in conveying to you that they have reached a transcendent point of view, and function on a loftier plane than yours. God knows, the Catholic should be humble enough, in face of God's mysteries and his own weaknesses ; but it is no pride on his part to refuse resolutely to perceive anything at all transcendent, anything more profound or lofty or broad, in what Theosophy has to offer him in lieu of Catholic theology, history or mysticism. Nor in the moral products of that system do we find anything to approach the Saints whom Christ's Church can show to us. In saying this there might be, but there is not meant to be, a Pharisaism of estimate similar to that which, in these others, we deplore. Let us keep to their written words. Mr. Sinnett's frivolous yet pompous pages are below the honest *humility*—we use the word deliberately—which is latent in Mr. Eliot's article, regret as we may its materialist agnosticism.

In fact, the point of this article is, perhaps, that we may convince ourselves if not of sin at least of grave shortcoming. Again and again we have heard it lamented that our Catholic Education stops short just when the mind is really at its wakening. I know that there is a "remote preparation" in the higher classes of our schools and colleges, which should supply principles for future right



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intellectual activity, and an *interest* such as should ensure the girls and boys, there educated, continually applying those principles when the manifold contents of the world challenge their attention. Let us assume that this exists. Let us take for granted that education has not been ousted by cramming for exams. ; and that the more capable of our boys and girls leave school with a fairly wide historical retrospect, a general but firm grasp of contemporary social conditions and a fairly refined taste. (Yes, we know both masters and mistresses who are at work, successfully, to-day. We have known it done. But let us be quite truthful. It could be done on a far wider scale. Boys and girls are capable of so much more than just instruction ! But let us assume the schooling.) But what happens then ? What do we Catholics get on leaving school ? Little enough, God knows. A scheme is on foot, we are told, for providing courses of lectures in London on subjects suited to Catholics whose minds are alert and inquiring. May it prosper ! It deserves the most strenuous co-operation. There are Convents and Colleges, we understand, to which girls can return for something besides retreats, and boys for more than licit smoking, and for *Past v. Present*. Neither retreats nor matches are bad . . . Not *that* would we suggest ! But between athletics and piety, how vast a human field ! And *that* is what gains no further tendance. We have an erudite literature, for which to be well grateful. In the field of recent Catholic history, for example, the series edited from St. Edmund's is as good as anything anywhere. And we have plenty of good controversial literature. And we have a little unexceptionable piety, like Bishop Hedley's books. And we have technical theology. But all the intermediate topics ! The books we need, on human subjects, not unrelated to the Divine, suited to the intelligence undesirous of erudition, yet well capable of more than sorry pap ! But, to exclude, here, everything save directly "religious" topics. We want something, and have so little of it, which shall be neither simply sermons, nor yet abstract theology, nor

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yet sheer controversy. Piety and theology must assuredly be *there*. But we want a fusion. A prayer-book should—something like Father Roche's little Eucharistic books, which stand to our feeling, almost alone among modern prayer-books—make its readers pray a *full doctrine*, in *natural language*, so that worship be not divorced from ordinary ways of thought, nor yet expressed in an alien dialect.\* And theology must not *remain* a map or skeleton. We get no true idea of Switzerland from a map, though a map is makable, no doubt, of Switzerland, and necessary. Our friends must have their skeleton, and we should uncomfortably notice it were their shin-bones lacking. But we don't attend to their skeletons, as such, first and foremost. In fact, we don't like it if they are over-thin. When, long ago, we first read the ordinary treatise on Grace, we were made miserable, we remember, by its rigid articulation and extreme aridity, and felt much sympathy for Ezechiel. In later years it was our good fortune to have that treatise taught us by one who could summon the winds which blow through history for the refreshment of the world; the treatise became alive, a thing of unforgettable beauty, dignity and fertility; doctrine revealed itself clad in flesh, and animated by God's powerful spirit: no department of theology which later on could not be inspired by a similar method.

Controversy, too! When will we adequately realize that England is not Anglican? This point we cannot labour. But the established Church is not, and I suppose for generations has not been, representative of the nation. Go to a place like some new garden city, with no pre-Reformation spire to dominate it. See how lost is the Anglican shrine among the chapels and the lecture-rooms! And in *poor* towns: not "church" is what wins the

\* What grown man is ever likely to *want* to say: O most sweet St. Joseph, Mirror of Patriarchs! . . . We can't call bearded Hebrew carpenters really *sweet*. . . . Even that word *most*. We never say Most dear Mr. Smith. . . . And *dulcis*, which goes well, for an Italian, into *dolce*, does not mean *sweet* to us, any more than Horace's exhortation, to be *dulcis* to our friends, should so be translated. Neither, accordingly, should *O bone et dulcissime Jesu*. *Kind*, if you will; *dear*, or *loving*, but not *sweet*.

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masses. And in the Army, representative, after all, of the ordinary youth of the country—not the highly educated, privileged youth, nor yet labour's youth—but the massive and numerous average; what do they need telling of? God, to start with. The whole idea of God needs re-affirmation, and elucidation. Few men disbelieve in Him: but examine the contents of that faith! In a sense, the vaguer the better. A determined fatalism: a pseudo-articulate belief in some Wellsian god: that is harder to cope with. The Theosophic god, thank Heaven, is rare to meet with. And Christ? Again and again, it will not be long before Catholics are His sole guardians. To how many, His name is known, of course, for swearing, but connotes no more than Jove. Christ has to be preached to the people of this country; and to most He is not preached. Yet, when His truth is put to them, the response its power provokes is not too slow in coming. Not so difficult are acts of implicit faith and genuine contrition, won, almost without its noticing, from some puzzled soul which, in most of its moods, fancies itself just pagan. In fact, men welcome graduated—not diluted—doses of Catholicism. Here, then, is the last point. We must have a fuller, more varied, more human instruction for both Catholics and non-Catholics alike, both printed and vocal. This after all is almost what recent Popes have meant when they have insisted upon Catechism. Not, once more, just sermons; not Theological lectures only (no, nor historical or scientific only), nor controversy; but something solid, constructive, humanly interesting, psychologically sensitive, allowing for the existence of a sense of humour, of beauty, and of downright mysticism in the hearers—eliminating, therefore, all *officialism* of dialect and tone; all pedantry—and even orthodoxy can be made to sound pedantic; and all limitations of theme or statement which imply a vulgar meanness of quality in souls.

Catholic doctrines are not too high for Catholics, or those called, God knows, towards Catholicism. We often fear, it would seem, our own assets. We have heard the

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study of the old Testament called "waste of time"; we have been warned off the Apocalypse by clumsy jests, as to its readers being inevitably "cranks." St. John's Gospel we have known to be disregarded, as less "clear," and less useful for "proving things" than the Synoptists. Grace, the Holy Spirit, the Presence of Christ and God in the soul are still (as St. Teresa found) half *funked* by some preachers, their excuse, that such topics are "above the people's heads"; by others, modest all awry, because they are above their own. But "it shall be given you in that hour" . . . A convert, instructed only in the Petrine, the governmental, aspect of the Church, for whom its unity is, in the main, its uniformity; whose knowledge of the Sacraments is (so to say) their separate and departmental Theology—their matter and form; the "work worked," and the "worker's work"—is ill-instructed should he be a person of imagination and of sufficient intelligence to take a general and dynamic vision. He will suddenly be getting new points of view, and find himself uncatered for. He will meet plenty of folk ready to offer him *their* wares. Scarcely a tube-lift but has its advertisements of lectures on various topics of spiritual interest. It is not the interest we must quarrel with: it is the value of the response given to it which we must deplore. But tears are idle, and scorn is sterilizing to the soul, too, of the scorner. May it be for those who have wit and will to see that no great centre, University towns especially, London of course, be without a really satisfactory and continuous course of Catholic instruction, well accessible, well advertised, unpontifical, firm and flexible. And may the laity, if not predominate, at least most actively co-operate. This is normal in France; and, we are told, America. They know, as priests cannot always, what is thought and said; they can say, too, what priests sometimes cannot, and where they cannot. Not least, they can bring listeners whom priests would never meet.

In fine, therefore, we need an accessible, "advanced," Catholic instruction in view of three classes of persons

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chiefly : for Catholics who cease, after school, to find the Catholic faith correlated with the problems and experiences which never touched them before ; especially when we consider the difficulties destined to beset our Secondary Education : for Catholics who may themselves be firm, but who are unable to "put" their faith to inquirers unlikely to meet a priest, or to read—(how many inquirers one has met who say, "I've long been interested in the Catholic religion ; my best pal is an R.C., but he never would say a word to me about his religion!")—and finally, for those inquirers themselves who exist in enormous numbers, and advance towards the Church along lines quite unlike those of the Penny Catechism.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

## CHAPLAINS IN THE GREAT WAR

FATHER CARL BLAQUHOUN WHITEFOORD

ON December 28th, 1911, two of us were in S. Paolo fuori at Rome, when a tall, shy English gentleman accosted us, inquired about the Venerable and the Beda, and at length confided his purpose of offering himself. On the way back we spoke of France, of Chartres and her supreme cathedral, of Rome. After a short retreat he joined us at the Beda.

There was something altogether out of the common about Carl Blaquhoun Whitefoord, but I did not yet divine his secret. During the next three and a half Roman years our lives flowed on together; in the summer we met occasionally at Shrewsbury. To have lived, to have studied, in Rome is one of the greatest gifts of God; and friendships rooted in that soil and nourished with those memories are surely among the true prizes of life. *Ego multa summa civilitatem hanc consecutus sum.*

It was only very gradually that I learned his story, and only a brief outline that I can give here. Of Scottish descent (one of his forefathers appears in *Waverley*), he was born in the beautiful Tudor manor-house of Whitton Paddocks, near Ludlow, in 1885. Intense love of the country, of wood and field and flower, of the ancient sanities and simplicities, and an answering horror of industrialism were wrought into his very soul; the dignity, without the narrowness, of the *ancien régime* was always part of him. A keen royalist in the matter of France, a fervent *papalino* in the matter of Rome, he eschewed party politics, having long since acquired an utter distrust of politicians, catchwords and, above all, of newspapers. The latter he ignored more than any man I ever knew, nor was our college joke that Whitefoord once blandly asked "Who is Lloyd George?" without a certain *fundamentum in re ipsa*. His gift of humour was no ordinary one, and his sense of the value of time was

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indeed the balance of the sanctuary. Once, in Belgium, an intimate friend tells me, "a young architect who had red hair all round his face 'like a sunflower' . . . took Carl as a great treat one early morning, in a biting cold east wind, a bicycle ride to a tiny, deserted, quite new, seaside place near Ostend, and showed him a pier 'twice as long as the one at Southend,' and left Carl there an hour or two to meditate on the vanity of pleasure." "Moreover, he saw beauty where none else saw it, loved people that most people found repulsive; chill, middle-aged, disappointed women Carl found infinitely pathetic, interesting; he found out the little bits of poetry in them, and they warmed up in his sunshine, and even when he was almost a child he really loved 'God's fools.' I think he loved their childishness, their intense simplicity. I know he always thought one arrived at the great secrets of life by the ways of a little child." On the mission he was the life and soul of the Boy Scouts' Troop, and the altar boys were devoted to him. At college, whoever had troubles turned instinctively to him. I cannot give him higher praise than to say that his un-failing, patient sympathy, his compassionate heart, reminded me of one whom we both revered as a great saint, Pius X.

From Rugby, in 1904, he went up to Merton College, Oxford. Of his school and university life he seldom spoke. *Anima naturaliter catholica* (if we may so put it), he shared Monsignor Benson's view of Public School religion, and I have heard him condemn the luxurious habits of Oxford. There was a tide in his affairs which, taken at the flood, led on to Faith; there had been peril of his becoming an attractive, cultured *dilettante*. Of heresy, and particularly of Fulham pageantry, he had a robust horror. A fellow-chaplain of his tells me: "He begged me to assure him that he did not look like a convert clergyman." Whitefoord loathed the namby-pamby compromise mis-called "broad-mindedness," though no one was more courteous to individual Anglicans.

At Chartres he found the Faith, and in 1910 he was



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conditionally baptized in the noble church of S. Pierre, worthy neighbour to Our Lady's shrine ; and he made his first communion at midnight that Christmas in a Trappist monastery. For a time he lived the life of a French workman, so successfully that he could tell his family "no one ever takes me for a gentleman ; in shops they always shake hands with me over the counter." Readers of *None other Gods* will understand him: "Then there was Paris, and the cheap Pension on the Montparnasse kept by Mme B——, who let every single room in the *appartement* and never went to bed till all the house was asleep ; then slept on the salon sofa. Carl never guessed the secret till he found one day a little bundle of hair-pins on a shelf in the room. Then the hardships of her life burst upon him ; he marvelled at her brave cheerfulness and brave show to the outer world. All these people loved Carl ; he used to write to them and go to see them years after. And people who really weren't nice to him—who never understood him—he always laughed about and liked. Never was anyone who thought and cared less what other people thought of him ; yet he was so sensitive ; couldn't bear ugliness ; one day he had a spot on his nose and called it 'a messenger sent from Satan to buffet me.'" His Christian name was more amusing than convenient ; in 1914 we tried in vain to follow his new visiting-card, but could not form our lips to "Charles." He certainly had no German sympathies at any time. "You know my ideas about the war," he writes on July 20th, 1915. "They haven't changed. I can't bring myself to believe the papers, politicians, statisticians, Belloc, or anybody else. People who really do know keep their knowledge to themselves and only tell the public unimportant details : which seems to me only natural when so much depends on secrecy. But though I have no faith in the papers, I am not pessimistic about the war."

At Lourdes he found his vocation ; and from that moment, as I now know, he never looked back from the goal of perfection. Like Pius X, he was a living proof that the supernatural man is the most human. A serene

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and joyful fearlessness rewarded his detachment. Of mockery, envy, bitterness or detraction he was incapable. Living for the next life he was indeed "merry withal." "I see him sitting with Sir Thomas More and all the joyous saints," writes one who knew him. "I can imagine him curling up in Heaven at one of Blessed Thomas More's jokes." Not that he was spared tribulation. Far from it. "Da martirio . . . veni ad questa pace," he might have said. And again :

I have not spoken of these things  
But to one man, and unto God.

Many a time I was privileged to be his companion in long walks over the Roman Campagna, often to "far-off footless places," the Annunziatella, La Boccea, Galera, Bracciano, La Storta, Corcolle. His memory is linked with many hours of joyful adventure, when we waded streams near Isola Farnese, pushed through the waving corn neck-high in the wild Valchetta, crossed the tiny Cremera on stepping-stones and wondered how Roman or Veientine ever contrived to drown in it, lost our bearings on the wild upland that once was Veii, watched the sunset from Soracte, wandered by deserted Gabii to Tivoli, relished the rough wholesome fare of courteous old-world *osterie*, dealt *santi*, *imaginetti* or *corone* to the beautiful wild children, knelt upon the stones beneath the unglazed grille of wayside shrines, escaping from the fallacies of speed and scramble, while "the whole sky rang with shouting of the larks," and swift cloud-shadows coursed over the marvellous desert, over-watched by immemorial mountains "sown all over with ancient towns." One day, near Corcolle, we had been speaking of our hero, Julian Watts Russell (what would he have thought of the current flattery of the Third Italy ?) when it occurred to me we had forgotten the prayer for the Pope we said daily after dinner. "It was Julian who reminded us," he said. Julian's *Life* was a favourite book with him, also *The Dolorous Passion*, by Sister Catherine Emmerich, and Huysmans' *Ste Lydwine de Schiedam*.

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France was a second home to him, and his knowledge of her people and history was an intimate one. He often recalled our walks in busy days on the mission, especially the world-remote La Boccea we had planned to revisit, a very "land of Luthany." But the crash of 1914 and the end of our student days cut short our plans, though something was recaptured in our rare rambles on the Shropshire Stiperstones and Longmynd. Suddenly, on November 5th, 1916, there came "just a line to tell you that the Bishop has given me leave to apply for a chaplaincy. But please don't mention this, as nothing is certain yet; only I thought you would like to know. I am very pleased. I shall want your prayers more than ever." The love of souls, *caritas Christi*, was calling him. On November 20th, 1916, he left for Salisbury Plain, and in January, 1917, for France. He wrote early in May: "My dear Harry,—I am *always* pleased to get your letters. This is a desert indeed, and all the more dreary in this belated winter. Dear Harry, I am rather glad that you are not a chaplain—there are many things to depress you. I don't mean things in the physical order, such as discomforts. I think both of us have done too much wandering about to be over-worried by them. Third-class journeys across the Continent and wanderings in France and Italy are quite a good breaking-in. I miss very much our walks and talks. Still, peace-time will come again, and then we will have another ramble on the Stretton Hills. Oh, if we could have a day on the Campagna now! I always do like Marion Crawford—after all, he did understand Rome. I am saying Mass now in a little shrine which still has its roof more or less intact. You always have a special memento.—Yours ever, C.W."

And again, on May 21st, he wrote of one of his men who had just been killed: "He has led a really, really holy life, and had wanted, after the war, to be a Trappist Lay-Brother. Please pray for him, also for myself, in much greater need."

In August, 1917, he was home on furlough. Evidently

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the horrors of the war had made him older. Yet he was gentler, braver, deeper-hearted than ever. His last furlough was in January, 1918. The war was turning him grey, but his courage was indomitable, and he was *in utrumque paratus*, to live or die. Many things that I have learned since then incline me to believe that he never expected to return. Through deep snow under the clear starlight I walked with him to the door of the presbytery at Shrewsbury: we spoke of Plowden and future rambles. *Dis aliter visum*. His last letter is dated April 28th, 1918: "We have just come out for a rest, and are billeted in a charming little French village with beautiful country round and not far from a certain Cathedral. I can't tell you, unfortunately, which one it is. Please give my best wishes to . . . all your people. *Sacerdos Dei, memento mei!*"

"He had a wonderful knack," writes a fellow-chaplain, "of establishing himself in some quaint little nook, usually the sacristy of some demolished church." On May 29th, on an errand of charity, he had gone to help to identify a grave—he was hit in the thigh by a fragment of German shell, and died about midnight, *sacramentis Ecclesiae munitus*, "with the sweet Name of Jesus on his lips," says the French chaplain, who buried him in the military cemetery at Bagneux, near Gézaincourt (Somme): "He almost died in my arms," says his servant, "and his last words were: 'Good-bye, George, I am going to Heaven.'" A non-Catholic officer adds: "One incident will suffice to show the spirit in which he worked among us. He was in a ruined village about a thousand yards from the fighting. Shells were falling, splinters of wood, glass and brick were flying about. Father Whitefoord found a man who had lost his steel helmet; in an instant he handed his own protection to the soldier, and then carried on excellent work in succouring the wounded." Many besides Catholics were in tears when he was taken away. A chaplain friend adds: "What you say about his unworldliness accounted, doubtless, for his quiet courage. He used to say that very often he was able to

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get fellows to go to confession in the front line who would not go when they were in the comparative safety of rest billets." Another friend happily says: "We have both lost a friend and gained an advocate." Dare I echo the poet's words:

You wait, I wait, a little while we wait :  
And then, the wide-flung Gate,  
The impassioned Heavens, the white-horsed, white-robed  
knights,  
The chaunting on the heights,  
The beauty of the Bright and Morning Star ?

H. E. G. ROPE.

### THE BATTLE OF YPRES

BY FATHER WILLIAM JOSEPH DOYLE, S.J.

[The following letter, written by Father William Doyle a few days before he was killed during the advance of Irish troops north-east of Ypres on August 17th, 1917, is a chapter of autobiography needing the fewest possible notes in its elucidation. This Jesuit Chaplain of the Irish Province was the son of Mr. Hugh Doyle of Dalkey, co. Dublin, for many years Registrar of the Dublin Bankruptcy Court; he was forty-four years of age when he wrote this to his father, aged eighty-six.\* Educated at Radcliffe by the Rosminians, William Doyle nevertheless became a Jesuit. He studied in Belgium, was ordained at Milltown Park in 1907, was Professor at Clongowes (where he founded and edited *The Clongownian*) and subsequently laboured in Limerick and in Dublin. In November, 1915, the call to more strenuous service came to him, and three months later he went to the Front with the 16th Irish Division. For his bravery at Ginchy he was awarded the Military Cross, and he was afterwards commended by his Commanding Officer for the V.C., which, however, he was not to receive. As a preamble to his own letter may be quoted a line from that of a brother-chaplain, written about Father Doyle before his death: "He is a marvel. They may talk of heroes and saints—they are hardly in it!" That exclamation neither the saints nor heroes aforesaid, nor yet the eighth Urban of the scrupulous Decree, will in anywise take amiss.]

\* Father Doyle's letters will be published later in a separate form.

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*July 30th, 1917.*—For the past week we have been moving steadily up to the Front. It was half-past one a.m. when our first halting-place was reached, and we marched again at three. It was the morning of July 31st, the Feast of St. Ignatius, a day dear to every Jesuit, but doubly so to the soldier sons of the soldier Saint. Was it to be Mass or sleep? Nature said "sleep," but grace won the day; and while the weary soldiers slumbered the Adorable Sacrifice was offered for them. As we fall into the line once more the dark clouds are lit up with red and golden flashes of light, the earth quivers with the simultaneous crash of thousands of guns—the Fourth Battle of Ypres has begun. . . . The road was a sight never to be forgotten. On one side marched our columns in close formation. On the other galloped by an endless line of ammunition waggons, extra guns hurrying up to the Front, and motor-lorries packed with stores of all kinds; while between the two flowed back the stream of empties and ambulance after ambulance filled with wounded and dying. We marched on through the City of the Dead—Ypres, out again by the opposite gate. A welcome halt at last, with perhaps an hour or more of delay. At that moment the place for sleep did not matter two straws—a thorn-bush, the bed of a stream, anywhere would do to satisfy the longing for even a few moments of slumber after nearly two days and nights of marching without sleep. I picked out a soft spot on the ruins of a home, laid me down with a sigh of relief.

*August 1st.*—Morning brought a leaden sky, more rain, and no breakfast. Our cook, with the rations, had got lost during the night, so there was nothing for it but to tighten one's belt.

*Sunday, August 12th* —We have just got back to camp, after (for me at least) six days and seven continuous nights on the battle-field. I shall give you the principal events of these exciting days, as I jotted them down in my note-book. (*August 5th.*) All day I have been busy hearing the men's confessions, and giving batch after batch Holy Communion. My poor, brave boys—they are lying on



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the battle-field, some in a little grave dug and blessed by their chaplain, who loves them all as if they were his own children. Do you wonder that, in spite of the joy that fills my heart, many a time tears gather in my eyes as I think of those who are gone? As the men stand lined up on parade I go from Company to Company giving a General Absolution, which I know is a big comfort to them. Then I shoulder my pack and make for the train which, this time, is to carry us part of our journey. "Top-end for Blighty, boys; bottom-end for Berlin!" I tell them as they clamber in, for they like a cheery word. "If you're in Jerryland, Father, we're with you too," shouted one big giant, and is greeted with a roar of approval.

As I marched through Ypres at the head of the column, an officer ran across the road and stopped me. "Are you a Catholic priest? I should like to go to Confession." There and then, by the side of the road, while the men marched by, he made his peace with God, and went away, let us hope, as happy as I felt at that moment. It was a trivial incident; but it brought home vividly to me what a priest is, and the wondrous power given him by God.

All the time we were pushing on steadily. Suddenly the storm burst. The enemy's guns had opened fire with a crash. I can but describe the din by asking you to start together fifty first-class thunder-storms. On we hurried, when right before us the Hun started to put down a heavy barrage, literally a curtain of shells. In the darkness I stumbled across a huge shell-hole crater. Into it we rolled and lay on our faces while shells burst on every side. We reached Headquarters, a strong block-house made of concrete and iron rails, a masterpiece of German cleverness. From time to time, all during the night, the enemy gunners kept firing at our shelter, having the range to a nicety. Scores exploded within a few feet of it, shaking us till our bones rattled, and one burst near the entrance, nearly blowing us over, but doing no harm, thanks to the scientific construction of the passage.



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The following morning, though the Colonel and other officers pressed me very much to remain with them, on the ground that I would be more comfortable, I felt I could do better work at the advanced dressing-station, or rather aid-post, and went and joined the doctor. The following night a shell again burst at the entrance to the block-house, but this time exploded several boxes of rockets which had been left at the door. A mass of flame and smoke rushed into the dug-out, severely burning some, and almost suffocating all, fifteen in number. You can imagine what I felt as I saw all my friends carried off to hospital, possibly to suffer ill-effects for life. I was delighted to find a tiny ammunition store which I speedily converted into a chapel, building an altar with the boxes. I had to be both priest and acolyte, and, in a way, I was not sorry. I could not stand up, so I was able for once to offer the Holy Sacrifice on my knees. It is strange that out here a desire I have long cherished should be gratified—namely, to be able to celebrate alone, taking as much time as I wished, and not inconveniencing anyone.

I spent a good part of the day, when not occupied with the wounded, wandering round the battle-field with a spade to bury stray dead. Though there was not very much infantry-fighting, owing to the state of the ground, not for a moment during the week did the artillery duel cease, reaching at times a pitch of unimaginable intensity. We counted once fifty shells, big chaps too, whizzing over our little nest in sixty seconds, not counting those which burst close by. I have walked about for hours at a time getting through my work with "crumps" of all sizes bursting in dozens on every side.

*August 7th.*—Word reached me about midnight that a party of men had been caught by shell-fire nearly a mile away. I dashed off in the darkness, this time hugging my helmet as the Boche was firing gas-shells. A moment's pause to absolve a couple of dying men, and then I reached the group of smashed and bleeding bodies, most of them still breathing. The first thing I saw almost unnerved me—a young soldier lying on his back, his

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hands and face a mass of blue phosphorus flame. He was the first victim I had seen of the new gas the Germans are using, a fresh horror in this awful war. The poor lad recognized me. I anointed him on a little spot of unburnt flesh, gave him a drink which he begged for, and then hastened to the others. Back again to the aid-post for stretchers and help to carry in the wounded, while all the time the shells are coming down like hail. Good God, how can any human being live in this ! As I hurry back I hear that two men have been hit twenty yards away. I am with them in a moment, splashing through mud and water—a quick absolution, the last Rites of the Church, and a flash from a gun shows me that the poor boy in my arms is my own servant, a wonderfully good and pious lad.

*August 8th.*—There is little to record during the next couple of days except the discovery of a new Cathedral and the happiness of daily Mass. This time I was not quite so well off, as I could not kneel upright, and my feet were in the water, which helped to keep the fires of devotion from growing too warm. When night fell I made my way to a new part of the line, which could not be approached in daylight, to bury an officer and some men.

*August 10th.*—A sad morning, as many men came in dreadfully wounded. One man was the bravest I ever met. He was in dreadful agony, for both legs had been blown off at the knee ; but never a complaint fell from his lips, even while they dressed his wounds, and he tried to make light of his injuries. "Thank God, Father," he said, "I am able to stick it out to the end. Is it not all for little Belgium ?" The Extreme Unction, as I have noticed time and again, eased even his bodily pain : "I am much better now and easier—God bless you !" as I left him to attend a dying man. He opened his eyes as I knelt beside him : "Ah, Father Doyle, Father Doyle," he whispered faintly, and then motioned me to bend lower as if he had some message to give. As I did so, he put two arms round my neck and kissed me.\* . . . Sitting

\* Any words are weak beside that silent kiss ; but a few spoken and written tributes to the Chaplain will dare quotation. A Sergeant of the

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a little way off I saw a man with his face smashed by a shell. He raised his head as I spoke: "Is that the priest of God? Thank God, I am all right now." I took his blood-covered hands in mine.

In the afternoon, while going my rounds, I was forced to take shelter in the dug-out of a young officer belonging to another regiment. I found that he was a Catholic, came from Dublin, and had been married just a month. Was this a chance visit? I had not long left the spot when a shell burst and killed him. I carried his body out the next day and buried him in a shell-hole.

*August 11th.*—I had ventured a bit down the trench to find a spot to bury some bodies left lying there. I had reached a sheltered corner when I heard the scream of a shell coming straight for the spot where I stood. Instinctively I crouched down, the shell whizzed past my head—I felt my hair blown about by the hot air—and burst in front of me with a deafening crash. It seemed to me as if a heavy wooden hammer had hit me on the top of my head. I hardly knew how I reached the dug-out. That night we were relieved, or, rather, it was early morning, 4.30 a.m., when the last Company marched out. We hurried over the open, floundering in the thick mud, tripping over wire in the darkness. We had nearly reached the road when, like a hurricane, a shower of shells came smashing down upon us. We could not stop to shelter,

Dublin Fusiliers: "Father Doyle did not know what fear was, and everybody in the Battalion, Protestant and Catholic alike, idolized him. He loved the men, and spent every hour of his time looking after them. He was asked not to go into action with the Battalion, but he would not stop behind." The C.O. 8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers: "He was genuinely loved by everyone, and deserved the unstinted praise he got from all ranks for his rare pluck and devotion to duty." Another brother officer: "God bless Father Doyle, is the heartfelt wish of all the men of the Irish Division to-day. Well do we remember how our beloved padre did the long three days' march with the A Company. Then who of the men do not recall with a tear and a smile how he went 'over the top' at Wytschaete. Ypres sounded the knell. Many a dying soldier on that bloody field has flashed a last look of loving recognition as our brave padre rushed to his aid." An Ulsterman: "If he risked his life in looking after Ulster Protestant soldiers once, he did it a hundred times in the last few days. They told him he was wanted in a more exposed part of the field to administer the Last Rites of his Church to a Fusilier. While he was doing what he could to comfort the poor chap, the priest was struck down. He and the man he was ministering to passed out of life together."

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for dawn was breaking and we should have been seen by the enemy. Crash, one shell has pitched into the middle of the line—and then, just when the end seemed at hand, our batteries opened fire with a roar. The German guns ceased like magic, or turned their attention elsewhere.

I have told you all my escapes, dearest Father, because I think what I have written will give you the same confidence that I feel, and I do not want you to be uneasy about me. Heaps of love to every dear one. As ever, dearest Father, your loving son, WILLIE.

[Six days later, Father Doyle fell. Tributes were paid to his memory in the Press, sometimes in unaccustomed places. One such lingers in memory from the pages of *The Morning Post*: "The Orangemen will not forget a certain Catholic Chaplain who lies in a soldier's grave in that sinister plain beyond Ypres. He went forward and back over the battle-field with bullets whistling about him, seeking out the dying and kneeling in the mud beside them to give them absolution; walking with Death with a smile on his face, watched by his men with a reverence and a kind of awe. His familiar figure was seen and welcomed by hundreds of Irishmen who lay in that bloody place. Each time he came back across the field he was begged to remain in comparative safety. Smilingly he shook his head, and went out again into the storm. He would not desert his boys in their agony. They remember him as a saint—they speak his name with tears."]

### ROBERT MONTEITH, S.J.

I have been asked to join to these notices of his fellow-chaplains a few paragraphs upon Father Robert Monteith, of whom I had the happiness to be a friend. I do so the more gladly because a man to my mind so very exceptional deserves a separate homage besides that which we gladly and reverently pay to the many priests who have sacrificed their lives for the comforting of their fellows on the battle-field.

His great grandfather, Henry Monteith, of Carstairs, shared in the founding of Glasgow's wealth and greatness, and to him, though not a Catholic, were due the priest and chapel else refused to the Catholic members of the

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Macdonald clan at work there. It was his son Robert who, with his wife, brought the full faith into the family. He was one of the "Cambridge Apostles," and all his life kept close relationship with the leaders of the Oxford movement. His younger son, Joseph, married the daughter of Mr. J. A. Herbert, of Lanarth, and these were the parents of Father Robert Monteith.

His childhood was spent in the happiest conditions; nothing was more remarkable, for those who knew him later, than the passionate devotion he preserved to his mother's memory. A "freedom of spirit" was hers, which not only betokened a truly victorious union with God, but, by the wisely flexible education it allowed, probably proved the salvation of her sensitive and high-strung child. His father was sterner, but with a sternness valued and lovingly remembered by his son. His minuteness of affection for brothers and sisters, too, remained constant. It would have been a grief to him to be dissociated from their high sacrifice: George, his youngest brother, was killed at Loos, in September, 1915; Henry, the eldest, was the last officer to fall at the Dardanelles.

All the characteristics which, later on, survived to endear him to his friends, were strongly marked in childhood. Passionately interested in all he saw, he hurled himself into whatever was doing; impetuously and unasked, this small "Master of Ceremonies" took the affair in hand; even his caresses were impetuous, and justified his second nickname, "Bear." But he was not all activity, nor yet all talk; when roused from his intermittent reveries, he reproachfully would protest: "I was inventing." "All brains, all nerves, all kindness of heart," his childhood has been defined. To the "nerves" must be put down his panics, sedulously controlled yet never eliminated, as of riding, or of precipitous places, or indeed of pain in general, his own or others', even animals—he loved sport, but the dying pheasant meant misery to him: quite near the end, he shrank incredibly from the Liverpool operating-table, yet ran upstairs, laughing, to the theatre. To the brains must be set down

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the singularly penetrating questions he would put to his tutor about religion ; and the intuitions which enabled him to cry, when a new and heavily disguised problem in mathematics was put to the children, " But there's no sum *there!* " And to the simpler folk of the village, the loss of his bright courtesy was personal.

He passed through Stonyhurst, erratic in manner, untidy, crying easily, but loved, and recognized as something of a genius, and aware already of vocation's dawn. He entered, in fact, the Jesuit noviciate on March 24th, 1897, and I remember him then, difficult, unequal, very hot-tempered, moody, fervent and absolutely to be trusted, for all that. His royal rages were most of them for some other's sake ; his honesty was admirable ; his plain-spokenness was a terrible delight to the timid, and never interfered with the respect which his astonished Superiors quite well knew he had for their office. He felt himself exposed, as an " oddity " (he said), to rebuffs, and at once forbade to himself any bitterness of soul. He remained as loyal, and grew more affectionate, to the Society he had joined, to the last. A very few months after his vows (1899) he was sent to Oxford for mathematics. Here his genius fully declared itself, though he knew himself capable of much besides mathematics, to which, indeed, he felt he had been " side-tracked " ; but his management of them was definitely that of genius. Such a mind moves massively, all of it together, not fractionally, nor by linked steps. He saw his conclusions in a flash, and at first never knew how he got them and was unable to explain his path to others. His very lecturer once stood aghast at the way in which a very difficult problem, on being set, fell instantly into pieces in his mind ; then reconstructed itself and was handed in, finished with, on the spot. Genius and also artist, he was too much in love with the thing itself to remember, in examinations, that you must do the thing that pays ; he easily got his First in Moderations, but in the Final Schools a Second only—shall we say, like Newman ? With this went, I must in fairness add, a sort of frantic obstinacy



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which forbade him to desert a difficulty till it was in hand and conquered—even at St. Beuno's he would sit up till 3 a.m., forgetful of all save the recalcitrant thesis; and also a real and increasing self-discipline, which was most meritorious as well as useful. Later on, when he taught Mathematics at Stonyhurst, he had developed a real method—his successor found that his boys had been marvellously well prepared, not alone to “do” the thing, but to do it with thought and “personality.” Himself, he was much pre-occupied with the philosophy of mathematics; the processes we take for granted were fascinating to him under that light; mere customary use never tempted him to take them—say, division, multiplication—as ultimate facts and their own adequate guarantee.

With this went, as I said, much more. He had an extraordinary feeling for Latin, and, indeed, wrote in *Latin*—loud no doubt with howlers; but I daresay Cicero in his boyhood howled. He would like to listen to the Classics rapidly translated, and interrupt, maddeningly enough, but always with a pounce on to some point of really vital import and of human interest. The general discussion this would inaugurate was probably worth far more than what he would else have heard.

Dare I insert a personal reminiscence? He and I had stayed up a couple of days after the summer term of 1904, he for his schools, I to recite two poems at the unusually august Encænna of that year. He was to prompt me. Luckily, I did not need it; for, on finishing, I became aware of a ripple of amusement round me, and turned to see Monteith in an ecstasy of nerves, head clutched in hands, and hair in a tumult, the pages from which he had meant to prompt me having scattered themselves, in his vicarious anxiety, to incredible distances along the gallery. For the immediate neighbourhood, at all events, the recitations were relieved of their customary dullness.

After Oxford, by which he profited enormously, he taught mathematics for a year at Stonyhurst, did two years' Philosophy, and taught again till 1909, when he



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went to Theology. In the autumn of 1912 he was ordained, and in 1914, February 2nd, was professed at St. Ignatius' College, Stamford Hill, where he was again teaching. St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, was the last Coellge at which he was a master.

During all this time he had formed friendships as warm as any man could wish, but remained misunderstood by many. Interested in all that was interesting, he was so, too, in himself, yet never was he really selfish; his tempestuous intervention in what others thought their business was again a joyous, selfless interest, never doubting but that he made clear (he did not always!) the sympathy he felt. Never were his wedge-like interruptions just assertiveness. He *saw*, quicker than most; and, disconcertingly, said what he saw. Amazed if his "disarming smile" did *not* disarm, his penitence was immediate and intense. He never resented what was pointed out to him; and if, at times, one wanted to murder him, the blow would have been given and received with the best of feelings on both sides. There were few men more lovable. Not here may I say what would make all I have said hitherto seem frivolous. One temperamental trial—due, partly, to the very fact of his genius—beset his mind through life. It must be taken for granted; also, that in it he played, as few are called to do, the hero. Nor of his spiritual life should one here speak; but from his letters I will quote a few sentences. They may scarcely explain themselves; yet they at least say something of what could be said, not quite obscurely. He was writing of Faith and Authority:

When Peter goes a bit sharp and Paul forgets to come in with his part, though the orchestra may be getting into shape, it is best not to sit down with a sensitive ear and listen too clearly—even with a view to picking out successful phrases. I mean, if you tried to eat your dinner by taking the ingredients separately, the salt would be particularly hard to swallow; digest as unconcernedly as possible what the cook serves up . . . It does me good to scrawl, even if I exasperate you . . . Authority gives the dominant note to our song of worship, viz., submission of the

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intellect. I mean it fixes a new key and puts our thoughts on a different plane. But I don't know music or anything. It is to me more like the hammer of the Crucifix than the bâton. . . . I have a sort of philosophy which I cannot exactly put down, but it is something like this: (1) The absurdity of the series of finite things. (2) God almost to Pantheism, till an Incarnation becomes a "live possibility." (3) Then, "To whom shall we go but to Thee," etc., etc., comes in; and Holy Communion and Inhabitation of the Holy Ghost, etc. (4) Then all the horribly painful questions about Catholicism being a narrow storm [I think he wrote the first and last words of something like "narrow cell, or brain-storm"] have to be thrown on to God. The Crucifix comes then and solves everything, taking away all the horror.

This can be quoted, because this is what he preached, and with such conviction that you could have known he had personally experienced these things. I am not, then, indecently telling secrets. Moreover, it is due to discouraged souls to show that this priest lived, to-day, no life of ordinary virtue, but that God gave to him trials which He reserves for His elect, and did not hesitate to purify by pain, not his intellect alone, but the very roots of faith and love.

The war gave him new opportunities. It is often a relief to the refined and the visionary to meet human nature in the rough. He dealt with men forcefully and affectionately; they responded—well, all chaplains know how generously they respond! Yet it was sheer supernatural grace which enabled him to keep a steady nerve, and to disregard the loathed possibility—not of death, but of mutilation. "The best thing priests can do is to die," he said, lamenting the difficulty of helping the good pagan wills he saw all about him otherwise than by example. That example was perfect. Even his courage outpassed what his fellow-officers deemed reasonable. "You can go," he was once told. "Do what you like with your own life; but we can't send anybody with you." Of course, he went.

On November 27th, in the evening, he was wounded by a bursting shell—an exact year ago as I write. Father Keary, S.J., C.F., was near, and found him dying.

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"Thank God . . . I am glad . . . Then it is all finished." He begged pardon for his faults and asked for absolution. Then he said his name, Father Robert Monteith, of the Society of Jesus, "the last words very loud." He asked for the final blessing, and very soon afterwards he died, with conviction, as it were, never having been really at his ease in life.

This was a very honourable gentleman, a genius, and a religious closely taught by the God to Whom he grew ever more whole-heartedly obedient. Nor will he wish to have dissociated from his name those of his three confrères, Father D. Doyle, his contemporary, and Father Cuthbert McGinity and Father Walter Montagu, both junior to him, both Stonyhurst boys, who died, the former of pneumonia in Italy, the second of wounds in France, at the war's very end. *In loco pascuae.*

C. C. MARTINDALE.

### FATHER LAURENCE O'DEA

Many things have been written in praise of Father Laurence O'Dea, Capuchin, and Chaplain to the Forces at Eastbourne; but no attempt has been made to tell anything of his wonderful personality—his Irish gift of delightful humour, of wiling a bird off a bush with a smile and a blessing, and a saintliness the loving charity of which was a magnet to draw all souls to make the best of themselves and instinctively to regret their imperfections. How many times have I heard the word "saint" applied to him by strangers and by those of other religions! It is rather the fashion to assume unconsciously that the age of saints and miracles is over, and that they belong to a past of which we think with much the same sense of unreality as when we read of the Garden of Eden or of Jonah and the whale. Yet those who came in contact with Father Laurence began to be dimly aware that saints might still exist, and that miracles were not so impossible or so remote, and that indeed the other world was not so inaccessible, as custom might lead us to believe.

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He taught his companions that the means of communication with the spiritual and with the supernatural was not through the medium of the spiritualist, but by constant prayer and by perfect confidence and trust in God's goodness, by taking the saints as it were into partnership with all the daily events of life and asking God's blessing on the smallest details of existence.

Whatever their religious views, whatever the irreligion or the immorality of their lives, whatever divergence of opinion might be theirs, those who knew him one and all felt the spell of his example. His sincerity was never doubted. He had an absolute disregard of the usual human respect from which most of us more or less suffer. His dignity and charm were indescribable, and he was as much at his ease and as frankly a servant of God in the company of atheists as in that of Catholics. In fact, it was not he that felt discomfort as a solitary representative of religion, but they that felt suddenly and unaccountably apologetic for their unbelief. This was not done by disapproving severity or by criticism (though he could be severe at need), but by the love which he had for all. True son of St. Francis of Assisi as he was, his love was a fire at which all could warm themselves. He despised nothing that God had made, remembering that even the sparrows do not fall unheeded. Dogs and cats besieged him. They also should have his blessing. "Let him be, he is one of God's creatures," he said in rebuke to somebody who was scandalized by a little dog accidentally following him into a chapel.

With him prayer was omnipotent. Life *was* prayer, incessant and insistent. He had a miraculous power over sickness and injuries. At his blessing they vanished in a way that could have no natural medical or surgical explanation, and he had strange powers for seeing the future. I can testify to both these gifts, for I have been amazed at the evidence of both, and I think many of his wounded soldiers could probably tell the same tale. Often when a man was perplexed, worried and anxious over private affairs, Father Laurence would answer an unasked ques-

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tion and bring him peace. He was infinitely kind and compassionate to suffering, was beloved by the soldiers in the Eastbourne Hospitals, where, from the age of 65, he spent his last years in khaki, devoting body and soul to the relief of the maimed and suffering. "My wonderful brave boys!" he used to say; "their patience is marvellous. Being among my boys gives me new life." He slaved night and day for them, for their bodies as well as their souls, for Protestants as well as Catholics. He had a joke and a word of comfort for all, and understood "Tommy" out and out, having formerly been military chaplain in India for many years.

Some years ago he visited Lourdes, and the memory of that visit remained with him to the end. "Ah, Lourdes," he said to me during his last illness, "dear Lourdes, I think it is the sweetest place on earth." More than once during his later illnesses he was restored by Lourdes water when given up by the doctors. Notably in December, 1916. He spoke with deep emotion of the marvels he had witnessed at the Grotto, and promised to accompany me there after the war. His last conscious words to me were a blessing and a promise. His latest days of comparative health were spent, and his last Mass was said, in my house. When told he was dying, he said: "If it is God's will I should die, I shall die: God knows best." When he was suffering intense pain, and a friend expressed concern, he replied, "God could not give me a greater honour," and, to the friend's comment that this was difficult to understand, he said, with great emphasis, "it is a fact all the same."

He held the strongest views on the gratitude due to God for all natural gifts, physical and mental. He said it was not humility to pretend to belittle one's own gifts in the eyes of others. He said: "Humble yourself before God as much as you please, but show yourself grateful and appreciative of the talents He has bestowed on you by making the most of what you can do. All gifts are from God, and should not be a source of vanity, but of gratitude and frank acknowledgment."

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Not the least of his gifts was that of interesting himself in all the temporal concerns of his acquaintances. In five minutes he was usually in possession of most of their career and of half their worries. It was, indeed, an obstinate bird that refused to be wiled off its bush by his sympathy. He healed the soul of its miseries, eased the body of its pains, comforted the mind in its trials, fought for men's rights, prayed for their successes, and turned their failures into joy by showing that God's greatest gifts are marked with the sign of the Cross. Yet with bitterness of spirit, rebellion against suffering, and spiritual darkness, he had infinite patience. His motto was "God will provide." His own many sufferings were offered for the wants of those he loved. Nothing was too great to pray for and nothing was too small. Success and fine weather seemed to accompany him to his friends' houses. His whole life was prayer; and, if ever the angels of God could seem almost visible on earth, it was in the company of this Capuchin Friar who made virtue attractive—a gift by no means common in a world where bigotry often makes religion a burden instead of a pleasure. His own view of death is expressed in the following letter, written to one who had lost a friend; and I give it as it may be a comfort to some whose boys are on the Roll of Honour: "Death, no matter how much it is expected, is always a horrible surprise, a blow that staggers us; and you have just been face to face with it, perhaps for the first time. . . . This time death came not as an enemy to seek its prey, but as a liberator to free a captive. — is happy. The world can ill spare such souls, but heaven hungers for them. It is a comfort to feel that they never forget those round whom their heart's best love had entwined, and so they are still our friends where friendship is truest and best. We naturally dread death, and no wonder; we were not meant to die, but to live. Jesus has taken the sting out of death since He said 'The girl is not dead, she sleepeth.' Death is a sleep to which there is a glad awakening. God comfort you—God love you!"

His influence on the sick was astonishing. He would



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command them to get well, and against all reason and probability they did, and I believe I am right in saying that not one of the desperate cases under his care ended fatally. After one of his dangerous attacks during which his doors were besieged by his soldiers, he wrote: "The poor dear boys did give me a welcome. Now they sing 'Old soldiers never die.'" And again: "My brave boys have painted the inside of my hut-chapel all on their own, and not one of them is a Catholic."

Speaking of a fresh convoy of wounded: "Several of my boys are in a bad way, but, thank God, they had all been attended to on the other side. Poor fellows, several of them have lost limbs; they are simply splendid, bright and cheerful to a man. . . . Many are terribly maimed; I am afraid we don't fully realize all they have gone through for our sakes. Sometimes I feel wild with some of the officials in some hospitals who withhold small comforts from the men. The poor fellows hunger for smokes, the older men especially; yet some of the Commandants dole them out grudgingly and reluctantly." Though severe on himself, Father Laurence was sympathetic and open-hearted about the comforts and luxuries of others—he loved to see men enjoying themselves. There was no one more reverent to the Sunday than he, but there was none of the puritanical severity which makes of that beautiful day a source of reproof and uncharitableness to others and of dread to children. He rejoiced in God's holiday with a delightful childlike gaiety in which he urged his companions to join, yet never let them forget that the joy was God's gift. He had genius for making religion a source of happiness; of blending every act of life with the love of the Creator of all life; of making success doubly successful, and of making the saints of heaven seem loving friends on earth, ready to help and comfort in all worldly affairs, from the finding of a child's lost toy by St. Anthony to the protection of a soldier in battle by Sœur Thérèse.

His own pluck in the endurance of pain was marvellous. When he was desperately ill with what proved to be his last



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illness at his lodgings at Eastbourne, the Military Hospital sent an ambulance to fetch him. He refused to be lifted on to the stretcher, but got up, put on his uniform, and insisted on walking downstairs and sitting beside the driver, and thus made a triumphant entry into hospital. His brave boys should not see him laid low while life was in his body. But life itself he gave for them at last.

I still have a mental picture of my last visit to his rooms at Eastbourne. He sat smoking his pipe, with a cat and its kitten on his knees, the kitten making very free with the buttons of his tunic, while he watched it with a whimsical smile. His was the spirit of eternal youth, the radiance of heavenly joy, and he left some of its magic wherever he went. In the hearts of his friends it will live for ever.

WENTWORTH.

# THE COMING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

## I

**I**N the early years of the last century a League of Nations, pledged to banish war from the world, was an ideal and a hope ; to-day it is a necessity. Unless we can realize that dream, here and now, private property, the liberty of the individual, and all civilization as we know it, are in immediate peril. Some eight million men have been killed because the Hohenzollerns wanted war. It has been calculated that if that army of the dead were to march, in columns of four, night and day, past Buckingham Palace, down the Mall, at the regulation quick-time pace of the British Army, it would take three weeks for the ghostly procession to pass. Even if the British dead were to march alone the long line would move on and on for fifty hours.

That is one aspect of the waste of the war ; but there are others. Apart altogether from the damage done to the towns and factories and mines and forests of Belgium and northern France, there is the direct cost of the war. The actual expenditure of the belligerent governments is almost beyond calculation. Our own expenditure is believed to amount to eight thousand five hundred millions. Even if the Central Powers made reparation to the utmost limit of their capacity the share which could come to Great Britain, after the admittedly prior claims of France and Belgium are met, must be relatively insignificant. Sir Eric Geddes tells us that Germany can pay only in gold, or goods, or labour, that she has no gold, and that to accept either of the other forms of payment would be to interfere with our own production, and to disturb the British labour market. That, no doubt, is good trade-union doctrine ; but it has strange implications. We infer that if manna were suddenly rained from Heaven into the streets we should be for-

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bidden to pick it up, lest the London bakers should protest against so much cheap bread being dumped at our doors. But even if we exacted the last farthing, there would still be an enormous deficit, and that means that industry and enterprise in France and England will be hampered for years to come, and all life made harder, by reason of the new burden of debt due to the war.

But this new millstone round the necks of the people is nothing to what we must expect if the old system of international rivalries and competitive armaments is to go on. If we are to face the possibility of another European war, in sheer self-defence we shall have to endow the science of destruction on the vastest scale. The most honoured men in the Empire will be those who can discover the deadliest form of poisonous fog with which to stifle and suffocate the hostile armies. It needs little imagination to picture the developments of the aeroplane as an engine of war, or to foresee the time when sleeping cities may be bombed through the darkness, not at random and at intervals of weeks, but with deadly precision, and from day to day and even hour to hour. In the past the strength and constancy of this country have been directed, and sometimes strained to the utmost, to maintain a supremacy at sea. But in future she will have to face other conditions of safety. As an Island-Power she must seek supremacy not only on the surface of the seas but in the air and under the water. We are now only beginning to understand the nature of the peril we have escaped. It was not until this war was half over, and her resources had been so straitened by the blockade that to build more U-boats she had to dismantle ships, that Germany realized the value of her submarine fleet. But though she never had more than a scratch force, and probably never more than a dozen U-boats actually operating at the same time, they destroyed eight million tons of British shipping. What a prospect of preparation for future wars is here suggested. It comes briefly to this. Unless we can find some lower insurance premium

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for national safety we shall go straight along the road which leads to national bankruptcy. The only hope is in a League of Nations that, by bringing back a general sense of security, may permit a general disarmament.

All that will be readily admitted. It is when we come to consider concrete schemes that we are met with doubts and discouragement. It is so easy to point to all the failures of the past, from the dream of the assembled kings at the Congress of Vienna to the solemn futilities of the Hague. But the point to insist on is that we have now a new motive, and a new driving power compelling us to action. As Lord Grey of Falloden said in his fine speech last October, we have had all the machinery of a League of Peace before—the wheels, the cranks, and the pistons of the engine were all there; but the steam to make it work was wanting. We have got the steam now—the very immensity of the sorrow of the world is going to provide its own remedy. Instead, therefore, of dwelling on the disappointments of the past, let us consider on what foundations of achievement we may seek to build our temple of Peace. As might, perhaps, have been expected, it is in the history of the relations of the two great English-speaking Powers that we find the best ground for hope. In Sir Walter Phillimore's *Three Centuries of Treaties of Peace* no place is found for the story of the Rush-Bagot Agreement, though it has done more for the permanent peace of mankind than any treaty of modern times. After Waterloo there was a strong party in the House of Commons which wanted to build a big fleet on the Great Lakes to secure the mastery of them for Great Britain. Already several ships of the line were being hurried to completion at Kingston. The American Government was preparing to follow suit, when President Monroe, suddenly struck by the absurdity of the thing, instructed the American Minister in London to propose to the British Government that neither country should keep any armed vessels there at all. Lord Castlereagh was inclined to be suspicious, and pointed out that if neither side prepared for war and hostilities broke

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out the party on the spot would be in the better position to improvise a fleet. But there was a strain of statesmanship in Castlereagh which sometimes helped him to take long views, and after some hesitations he accepted Monroe's proposals unreservedly. The agreement was signed on April 28th, 1817, by Charles Bagot, British Minister at Washington, and Richard Rush, the American Secretary of State. The British authorities at once dismantled or broke up three ships of the line, six medium-sized vessels, and a number of smaller craft. The same blessed work of destruction was carried out simultaneously in the American harbours on a still more extensive scale.

And the Agreement has stood the test of Time. It has been faithfully observed by both sides for over a hundred years—even in such periods of stress and strain as those of the Rebellion in Lower Canada and the Civil War in the United States. Happily, too, the spirit of the Rush-Bagot Agreement may be traced in later conventions between the United Kingdom and the United States. The Canadian boundary-line is at once the longest, the most defenceless, and the safest in the world. It stretches all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for a distance of 3,840 miles—and that inviolable frontier is strong, not because it depends on fortresses or strategic positions, but because it rests on a sure foundation of mutual good faith and trust. How little strategic considerations have been allowed to influence the relations between the United States and her northern neighbour is apparent when we recall the method chosen in 1846 for fixing the boundary in the west. Feeling on both sides ran high, and at one moment it looked as though the dispute would have to be decided by the sword. Saner counsels prevailed, and then with bold simplicity a line of latitude was taken and turned into a frontier, and to-day the forty-ninth parallel is Canada's boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific.

The next great landmark, the Alabama Arbitration, need not detain us. It was a great precedent, and represented the opening of a new chapter in the history of the

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world. It has proved a fruitful precedent, and it is hardly too much to say that resort to some sort of peaceful litigation has gradually come to be regarded as the normal and accepted way of settling Anglo-American differences. At the time of the outbreak of the European war it was confidently believed that the last of the outstanding occasions of quarrel and misunderstanding between the two countries had been removed.

We now go on to consider agreements designed for the settlements not of particular disputes but of quarrels in the future. This brings us to the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaties of 1908 and 1914. The first was worthless ; the second represents what up to the present must be regarded as the high-water mark of achievement in the cause of Peace. By the Treaty of 1908 the two countries bound themselves to refer to arbitration differences of a legal nature and those relating to the interpretation of existing treaties, provided that such differences did not affect "the vital interests, the independence, or the honour of the contracting States." This is the old plea of the duellist, who contended that his sacred honour was a thing too delicately sensitive ever to be handled in a court of justice. In times of popular excitement there is no conceivable cause of quarrel which might not be regarded as affecting the national honour, and any treaty which admits such an exception can lead only to disappointment. The Treaty of 1914 was one of a group of similar agreements made between the United States and France, Spain, Italy, and a number of South American States. It marked a great advance on anything that had gone before, precisely because it abandoned all reservations about vital interests and national honour. It in no way claims to make war impossible, but aims at securing "a cooling-off" period—a time for wiser counsels and second thoughts. It provides that all disputes which ordinary diplomatic methods have failed to settle shall be referred for investigation and report to a Permanent International Commission, and the contracting States "agree not to declare war or begin

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hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted." When that has been done, and both States have an impartial presentment of the facts before them, if they still want to fight they can do so. If, in the early summer of 1914, such a treaty had existed between France and Germany, and had been faithfully kept, many months would, in any case, have had to intervene between the delivery of the Austrian Note to Serbia and the commencement of hostilities. During that interval the whole situation would have been made clear, including the attitude of the then still neutral Powers, and it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that there would have been no war. But, then, what reason is there to suppose that the German War Lords, who in cold blood had planned this attack upon France, would in fact have hesitated to strike, merely because they had set their hands to an inconvenient treaty? The same plea of State necessity which was held to justify the violation of Belgium would also, by a parity of reasoning, have justified a refusal to allow the Government of France time to organize its defences. While, therefore, we regard the Bryan Treaties as marking a great advance, and believe that in many cases they would effectually prevent war, it is impossible to accept them as an adequate safeguard for the permanent preservation of peace.

At this point it is of interest to recall the famous debate in the House of Lords which took place in 1867 as to the relative values of the treaties which guarded the independence of Luxemburg and Belgium. It was pointed out that Luxemburg was protected only by a collective guarantee, so that if one of the guarantors failed to act up to its obligations the others would *ipso facto* be released. But Belgium was thought to be in an immensely stronger position, and quite safe, because she was protected by the separate guarantee of each of the Powers signing the treaty. In the event, it was one of the guardian Powers which struck the felon blow and sent its troops across the frontier; another of them looked on and approved; a third was already at war with



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Germany and fighting for her own frontier ; it remained for England to make the supreme decision. At the cost of 700,000 lives she was faithful to her word. When, therefore, men in their haste speak as though the German crime in this instance had cheapened the sanctity of all treaties, we may well ask them to consider the case of Great Britain, and so redress the scales for the credit of mankind.

What is wanted, therefore, is the strengthening of the Bryan treaties by the addition of the principle of compulsion applied by international force. This is what, within certain limitations, the American "League to enforce Peace" has been formed to do under the leadership of Mr. Taft. The scheme is simple and, while lending itself readily to further developments, has the advantage of not being in advance of public opinion. The nations are to be invited to become parties to a treaty consisting of the following clauses :

*First :* All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

*Second :* All other questions arising between the signatories, and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

*Third :* The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

*Fourth :* Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in Article One.

The first two clauses need not detain us, they are similar in their general character to the provisions of the treaties negotiated by Mr. Bryan, and the procedure they

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involve is sufficiently explained in Mr. Taft's own words :  
" The scheme gives an opportunity to any member of the League having a cause of complaint against any other member to sue such member and to bring it into court by proper process. The complainant's pleading will, of course, state its cause of action. The defendant may wish to question the jurisdiction of the court on the ground, for instance, that the cause of action stated does not involve a justiciable issue ; that it cannot be decided by principles of law or equity. The court, on this preliminary question, must decide upon its own jurisdiction. If it finds the question not to be justiciable, it must dismiss the complaint, but it may refer its investigation to the Commission of Conciliation. If it finds that the cause is justiciable it must require the defendant nation to answer." There may be some difficulty in deciding what causes are " justiciable," and so proper to be decided by a judicial tribunal, but under this American plan the point is not important, because the signatories to the proposed treaty would be bound to do one thing or the other—to submit the issue either to a judicial tribunal or else to a Court of Conciliation, and the obligations incurred would be the same in each case. The important clause is the third one, which introduces the novel element of international compulsion—either by economic pressure or military force. The contending Powers would still be able to go to war if they pleased, but not when they pleased. They would be obliged to submit their quarrels to arbitration or conciliation as the case might be, and that is the only obligation imposed upon them. When they have done that, they can reject the award, or refuse the advice, and persist in going to war, without incurring the penalties involved by a breach of faith. It is only if a Power, being a member of the League, goes to war without complying with these preliminaries that the nations are bound to resent its action and make common cause against it. Essentially, therefore, the " League to enforce Peace " adopts the principle of the Bryan treaties, and takes steps to see that they shall not be repudiated.

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If Mr. Taft's scheme were accepted by all the Powers it would at once relieve the world of that other curse only less dreadful than war itself, the curse of an armed Peace. If the principles of the League were formally and publicly accepted by all the Great Powers there would be an instant end to that oppression of fears and uncertainty and suspicion which now for a whole generation of men has weighed upon Europe like a nightmare. The entire element of surprise in regard to the outbreak of war would disappear—for no Power could have war suddenly sprung upon it. The effect of this complete removal of a whole chapter of doubts and apprehensions on the question of international armaments is obvious. To-day, nations must always be ready for emergencies, and the more sudden the war the greater the advantage of the people that is best prepared. But under a system which secured to all peoples a year's respite from attack, and enabled them to feel that at the worst they would have some months in which to set their house in order before being called upon fight, the temptation to pile up armaments would be enormously reduced. One of the main advantages which an aggressive Power possesses at present, the opportunity to overwhelm a less well-prepared adversary by an unexpected attack, would at once be taken away. The new international situation which would follow from a general adoption of Mr. Taft's proposals would thus at the same time discourage the preparations of the aggressive Powers and make it unnecessary for their more peaceful neighbours to be perpetually looking to their defences.

## II

The last years have been so crowded with events, and have seen such tumultuous waves of feeling sweeping over the world, that no scheme for a League of Nations, planned two years ago, is likely to find unquestioned acceptance to-day. Against Mr. Taft's scheme it is objected that it makes no direct provision for the reduction of armaments. That is true, but unimportant.

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We no longer protect our houses with drawbridges and moats, or carry swords at our hips. There is no rule against such things, but the reign of law and the general sense of security have made them seem superfluous and even ridiculous. If we can once get the League of Nations accepted by all the Great Powers, armaments will go in the same way. In fact, the boot will be on the other foot—the difficulty will be how to persuade the several members of the League to keep up their particular quota of the international force. Once let it be understood that the League is able to look after the common defence, and there will at once be a tendency on the part of each separate member to shirk his share of the military burden, and to leave everything to the Central Executive. Instead of the present competition in armaments we shall find a selfish race to evade them. No nation will want to tax itself for the purposes of defence, if it feels that the enforcement of the treaties affecting it can safely be left to the League.

Everything depends upon getting the League well started. Fortunately the conditions of the armistice and the opportunities of the coming peace ought to make this a comparatively easy matter. In the words of Lord Grey of Falloden, Germany led the way up the hill of military and naval preparation, and Germany must now lead the way down the hill. She has made a good beginning. Her navy has disappeared into the mists of the Orkneys, and her artillery and aircraft have been surrendered to the Allies. As she will owe an enormous sum to the countries whose fields and cities her armies have ravaged, it cannot be supposed that she will be allowed to cheat her creditors and waste her substance by spending money upon a superfluous navy or unnecessary armies. The effect of the disarmament of Germany will be instantaneous, and the League of Nations ought to be able to begin with a flying start.

It is claimed, therefore, for the American "League to enforce Peace," that it represents the maximum of agreement and the minimum of disagreement

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which is possible in the present state of public opinion. Its opponents may object that it asks too much or too little. It asks only what most of the Entente Powers are already pledged to concede under the Bryan treaties. The conditions under which it invokes force are strictly limited. Even its title is something of a misnomer, for it undertakes no general obligation to enforce peace even among its own members. Its members are forbidden to go to war in support of what they suppose to be their rights until, by means of a public inquiry, not only the neutral Powers, but also—what is of high importance—their own peoples have had an opportunity of learning the real merits of the dispute. The general position of the League is well stated in these words of Dr. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University :

A breach of the world's peace, like a breach of domestic peace, is an offence against public order which the public ought to have some right to prevent. Nations that go to war break the peace of the world, and the world has at least a right to insist on knowing the reason for the war. It has a right to go farther and demand that peace shall not be broken until an opportunity has been given to ascertain where justice lies ; to try mediation and arbitration ; and to consider calmly whether or not the matter at issue requires the sacrifice of war.

However much a Government may distrust the impartiality of an international tribunal, it can surely have no excuse for refusing to state its case in public, or to give to the world the evidence on which it relies to establish the justice of its contention.

We now turn to the objectors who attack from the other side, and complain that the League asks not too much, but too little. Why, having insisted on a public inquiry, does not the League go a step further and also insist on an acceptance of the resulting decision ? Here we have to take into account the state of public opinion in the United States. The two English-speaking Powers have easily led the world in promoting the cause of international arbitration. Against the rejection of the

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treaty offered by England in 1897, the United States can point to the ratification of eighty-three others. And yet this Power, which has done so much to supplant war and to substitute the methods of peace, hesitates to pledge itself to use force—even to protect its own members against outside aggression. No doubt there are reasons rooted in their history which easily explain the reluctance of the American people to entangle themselves in the quarrels of Europe, but the reluctance is there, and has got to be reckoned with. The form it commonly takes is sufficiently illustrated by the following extract from a speech made a few weeks ago by Senator Reede, Democratic Senator for Missouri: "It is proposed that every time a cloud appeared on the European horizon we shall issue a call-up to our boys on the farms and pour out their blood in controversies which do not affect us one bit." Accordingly the rules of the American League do not contemplate the use of force against non-members under any circumstances whatever. It proposes to enforce agreements, but not to use force in the case of those who have not agreed. That is logical and consistent, but also fatal to the whole purpose of the League. Suppose that before the war the Powers of the Entente and the United States had been members of the League. In that case France would have been safe against a surprise attack from Italy or Great Britain; but how would that have helped her to disband a single corporal's guard? Across the Rhine was a Power, waiting to spring at her throat, but she would know that even in the case of an unprovoked assault she had nothing to hope for from the League. Its officials would courteously explain that it was not possible for them to interfere, because Germany was a non-member. France would have to face the danger alone, and continue to live her life in the shadow of the German menace. She would probably come to the conclusion that she had not much use for the League.

And this decision, not to use force even for the defence of the members of a League of Peace, is the more remarkable because it cannot be regarded only as a concession



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to the weaker brethren. It is defended and justified by some of the most eager advocates of the League. At its very opening session in May, 1916, Mr. Thomas Raeburn White, of Philadelphia, who read the first paper, used these words: "To undertake to deal with non-members would jeopardize the success of the undertaking, for it would place its members in the position of agreeing to engage in wars against other nations who refused to submit their cases to a court or council, when they had not agreed to do so. This would be too serious a risk of a foreign war for some nations, perhaps for the United States, to undertake and it would probably refuse to join a League involving this proposal."

It may be hoped, and with some confidence, that the experience of the last two years has done something to modify American opinion on this subject. It seems that the American League must either succeed in bringing all the Great Powers within the fold, and in that way make them subject to its compulsion, or else it must borrow from the scheme of the British League of Nations, which entitles any member to call upon the combined force of the whole body to come to its defence in the event of an attack "by a State, not a member, which refuses to submit its case to an appropriate Court or Council." The knowledge that any attack made without a previous public inquiry as to the merits of the quarrel would, in any case, be met by the combined forces of the League, would be a powerful inducement to hesitating members to join the League. As aggressors, they would gain no advantage by remaining outside the ranks, while if they were liable to the aggression of others they could find safety only by being within the fold. |

In its general plan the scheme of the British society closely resembles the American League. There is the same distinction between disputes which are justiciable and those which are not. Both plans provide a legal tribunal for the former class and a Court of Conciliation for the other. Under the American scheme it does not greatly matter to which category a dispute is declared to



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belong. In both cases a period of delay and a public hearing of all the evidence are secured, and neither award of the Court nor advice of the Conciliation Council is binding upon the defeated litigant. But under the scheme of the British Society an award given by a Court dealing with justiciable cases would at once become binding, and have the sanction of the whole force of the League behind it. That suggests a pleasant sense of simplicity and finality, but how would it work in practice? No litigant of the League would ever know beforehand what he was in for, whether for an award which would be imposed by force or for fatherly advice which would hurt nobody. For we read in the rules of the League that it is one of the functions of the Supreme Court, which deals with justiciable disputes, "to decide whether a dispute is justiciable or otherwise." The corresponding Court under the American scheme has the same function, but in that case there is no question of compulsion.

It will be the duty of the Peace Conference not only to fix the constitution of a League of Nations, but to remove all existing occasions of quarrel. In his excellent monograph on the Confederation of Europe, Mr. W. P. Phillips, speaking of the early years of the last century, says: "The principle of nationality was to become, as it still is, the main obstacle to every realization of the vision of perpetual peace." The truth of that proposition is not likely to be disputed. But by a sad irony of fate the very time which sees a League of Nations and perhaps a scheme for universal disarmament within sight is also the witness of new outbursts of racial nationalism and racial antagonism in almost every part of Europe. The task which now awaits the Peace Conference is, on this account, one of almost insurmountable difficulty. Imagine the bewilderment of the men who boldly seized a parallel of latitude, and used it as a frontier for Western Canada, if here and there along the line they had discovered groups of people who, gravely explaining they were nations, claimed this or that patch of territory, not on the ground of any present utility, but because

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their ancestors had once conquered it ; or wanted this or that spur of the Rockies because some mythical king had climbed it. Happily the Anglo-American commissioners were not hampered by the fear of creating a "Rockies irredenti." The problem of fixing frontiers for the inter-mixed ethnic groups in South-Eastern Europe resembles nothing so much as a gigantic jig-saw puzzle, in which all the little pieces have been encouraged to exercise each its own right of self-determination. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that the statesmen who face the problem at the Peace Conference will keep in mind the truth—that geographical considerations are a more permanent influence in the affairs of men than any claims of nationality and race. The history of every country consists largely of the story of successive invasions and their consequences. Layers of conquests lie on the top of each other like the strata of the geological record. But within the limits of historical time the great natural frontiers remain—the rivers run in the old courses, and the everlasting hills abide. Take the case of the Poles. Unless a reconstituted Poland is to be a deformity, and to be condemned to a maimed and stunted life from the outset, it must have access to the sea. The whole line of the Vistula—Cracow—Warsaw and Danzig—must belong to an independent Poland. But Danzig is ethnically a German city. There need be the less hesitation, however, in assigning Danzig to Poland, because, whatever boundaries are fixed, there will certainly be some German groups in the new State, and some pockets of Poles left in Germany. But if this modern concept of nationality as something ineradicable and in the blood raises by far the most difficult and intractable problem with which the Peace Conference will have to deal, happily, it seems certain that in the near future this idea of nationality—nationality based on ethnic groups—will become a less fruitful source of trouble than it has been in the recent past, and that we shall gradually approximate to the older concept of a nation, as merely the aggregate of the people bound

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together by allegiance to a common authority and united by their love of a common home. In this sense the Swiss are as truly a nation as the English or the French.

Already we see great forces at work which overleap and disregard all national frontiers. Organized labour tends every day to become more and more international in its outlook. A newly awakened class-consciousness is gradually drawing the workers of all countries together and teaching them to find in a common interest a stronger bond and a wider unity than any supplied by the claims of racial nationality. The British sailor is beginning to think of the sea-men toiling in foreign ports as in some ways nearer to him and more truly his comrades and brothers than the shipping magnates of Liverpool or London. In the same way the miner in Westphalia is coming to think of the men who go down in the pits of South Wales as more akin to him than the bureaucrats or the junkers at home. The same tendency to ignore the limits of racial nationality is seen in almost every department of human activity. In the Catholic Church, always super-national, we see local privileges and national customs tending to give place to the reign of universal law. Even that most national of Churches, the English Establishment, is seen groping out far afield and seeking affinities in the most unlikely quarters.

And these many movements in one direction are certain to continue, and at a vastly accelerated rate. The growing facilities for communication, the habit of travel, the new conquest of the air, the removal of all restrictions on immigration, and, above all, what is going on before our eyes across the Atlantic, all tend to weaken the sense of nationality in its modern and restricted sense. For we are assisting at the birth of new nations. Men of all races leave the old world to seek their fortunes in the new, and in a few years are proud of a new allegiance and a new patriotism. Whether we speak of America as "the melting pot" of the world, or prefer to think of it as "the great Crucible of God," the result is the same. There is a great object lesson, the significance of which

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none can mistake; certainly no one who has just renounced one nationality and assumed another—or lives in a community in which such changes are taken for granted—can reasonably regard the principle of nationality as at once “sacred and immutable.” It may be said that when the immigrants from Europe have been in the crucible for a sufficient time they acquire a new nationality, and become good Americans. Of course that is so, but the new nationality has nothing to do with ethnic or racial considerations. It is based upon a common allegiance and a common pride in the Republic. In fact we get back very near to Metternich’s conception of a nation—an aggregate of the people who live in the same country and acknowledge a common allegiance. When that conception of nationality becomes general—when nationality is thought of no longer as something inherent and eternal, but as a thing to be assumed and renounced at will—the prospects of the world’s peace will become appreciably brighter.

Such thoughts are perhaps familiar enough, but it may be doubted whether many of us realize the enormous scale on which this process of absorption and assimilation is being carried on, in both Canada and the United States, and, on a smaller scale, in Australia and New Zealand. In the last year before the war the following immigrants entered the United States: 9,000 from France; 32,000 from Scandinavia; 34,000 from Germany; 88,000 from the British Isles; 254,000 from Austria-Hungary; 265,000 from Italy; and 291,000 from Russia. And so quickly does the yeast leaven the lump that in a few years all these multitudes become good Americans, not only in name but in speech and feeling and habit of thought. So quickly can one nationality be put off in favour of another. But what a commentary upon that “sacred and immutable” principle for the sake of which Europe has so often been drenched in blood, and which is still the greatest danger to peace and the greatest obstacle to the success of a League of Nations.

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But though this menace to Peace may almost certainly diminish in the future, there is a duty in the present which is sufficiently indicated in the following words of Lord Bryce: "Men's souls are raised by the recollection of great deeds done by their forefathers. But the study of the past has its dangers when it makes men transfer past claims and past hatreds to the present. The learned men and literary men, often themselves intoxicated by their own enthusiasm, never put their books to a worse use than when they fill such people with a conceit of their own super-eminent gifts and merits."

There is another danger in the way of the League of Nations which is more easily guarded against. At any rate the warnings of experience are there to help us to keep on the right road. The aims of the Tsar Alexander a century ago were not less lofty than those of President Wilson. If the Holy Alliance failed to make the nations peaceful and happy and good by keeping the world safe for autocracy it was not primarily because they sought to guard all the thrones by force. It was because they tried to consecrate the *status quo* and to create permanency in a world of change. If they had set out to perpetuate any other system it would have been just the same. It would have made no difference in the long run, even if all the nations had been happy and contented with their lot at the outset. With peoples, as with individuals, growth and development are among the conditions of life. And when the nations progress unequally, the weak become a temptation to the strong. Then we have demands for "places in the sun," and talk of the rights of expansion. The pressure of the population upon the soil is among the most ancient as it is among the most constant of the causes of war.

There are other changes besides those of population which, as part of the law of growth and life, condemn to futility all attempts to secure peace by trying to stereotype international arrangements which happen to be satisfactory at the moment. Changes in comparative wealth, a new development of industry, a scientific dis-

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covery or the opening of a new sea route, may give rise to desires and aspirations which no regard for the *status quo* will permanently control—they must be met by concession or faced by force. Admitting, therefore, that even the most solemn treaties may become obsolete or oppressive by reason of changes which neither side foresaw, it is essential that the League of Nations should have at its disposal some machinery for securing revision or repeal. The American League, at this point, seems not to go far enough. It provides for conferences to be held from time to time between the signatory Powers, but only “to formulate and codify rules of international law.” Something more elastic and comprehensive is required. The British League goes considerably further. It proposes a permanent Conference and standing committee which should regulate the affairs of the League, and, though its functions would at first be of a consultative rather than an executive character, they would be important. Among its duties would be “to consider international matters of a general character and to make recommendations thereon” and “to have cognizance of all Treaties made by States members of the League and to consider any alterations in Treaties that may be recommended by the Supreme Court or the Council of Conciliation.” It is officially explained that for the present it is thought more prudent to use this Conference, which is always to be “complete and in being,” as a means of bringing nations together to discuss matters of common interest rather than establish it as an international autocracy. At any rate there is a safety valve through which any aggrieved nation may let off steam and seek redress.

Perhaps it would be better to go a step further. The Peace Treaty, if it follow precedents, will purport to be for ever. Would it not be wise to recognize from the first that the day may come when equity will require its revision in this or that respect? We went to war to vindicate a treaty, but we need not commit ourselves to the absurd contention that no agreement can be made harsh or unfair by lapse of time or change of circum-



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stances. If an international tribunal were to be entrusted with the task of listening—say, ten or twenty years hence—to any plea which might be put forward in favour of the repeal or modification of any part of the Peace Treaty, it might at the same time prevent war and promote justice. That surely is a function which a League of Nations might undertake. Even the most quarrelsome and excited of nations might hesitate to draw the sword if it knew that the agreement of which it complained would come up automatically for reconsideration in a few years' time.

It would be easy to suggest other duties and spheres of usefulness for a League of Peace, but that is unnecessary. If such a League can be started on large simple lines the rest will follow—its functions and jurisdiction can be extended as time and experience may suggest. On the whole, Mr. Taft's scheme, with some amendment in regard to its proposals in the case of non-members, seems the one which lends itself most easily to such processes of expansion and development. But the essential thing is to get the League, whatever its initial constitution and powers, started at once. The peoples of Europe are already beginning to suffer from an immense weariness, and disintegrating forces will soon be at work against which even the sacred union of the Allies may not always be proof. It is not too much to say that the whole future of mankind depends upon the way in which this question is handled at Versailles in the coming weeks.

In any case the allied statesmen may feel that, however boldly they build, their efforts to discourage and prevent war will have the whole-hearted support of Catholics everywhere, irrespective of race and nationality. The Universal Church has always proclaimed the essential unity of the human race, and the fraternity of men all brought into the world for a common destiny. The Catholic Church is identified with no people and no country, for her mission is to all. Yet this common mother in the past has recognized that sometimes war may be lawful even among her own children. It is important



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to consider why there are intolerable wrongs for which, as the world has hitherto been conditioned, war has seemed the only remedy. According to the accepted teaching of the Church, a lawful war is primarily a penal process, and an act of vindicatory justice. This view carried with it important consequences. It meant that the Prince contemplating war was bound in conscience to approach the question in a judicial temper, and to draw the sword, not for the sake of gain or dominion but only in a just quarrel and when there was no other means of obtaining satisfaction. This system had its justification in the evident fact that unless a State and the Prince representing it were entitled in the last resort to appeal to arms it would be at the mercy of every aggressor. The aggrieved Prince appeared first as plaintiff, and then as judge, and finally proceeded to carry out his own sentence. Suarez, in expounding the traditional doctrine of the Church, admits all the drawbacks, but pleads that there is no other way. He insists that the Prince must exhaust every other means before going to war, but is justified in doing so if that is clearly the only way of vindicating his rights. He says explicitly: "It is undeniable that in this case one and the same person is both judge and party . . . but the only reason is that this act of vindicative justice is necessary to the human race, and that no better way of achieving it exists." So that according to this high authority the only thing which can make war lawful is the fact there is no better remedy. How, then, if war ceases to be the only way? How if the League of Nations provide an alternative and a better way for securing redress? In that case the only ground upon which, according to Suarez, it can ever be lawful to make war would cease to exist. What a chapter of happy possibilities is here opened up! May we not confidently look forward to the day when the Vicar of Christ shall publicly denounce all war as an abomination, and as a thing which must always be sinful, unless and until the disputants have first submitted their quarrel to the Courts of Justice or Conciliation which it is the object of the League

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of Nations to establish? And who so fitted to make such a pronouncement as the present Pontiff, who has made such sacrifices, and, it may be added, run such risks for the sake of peace? Meanwhile, pending this glorious consummation, the builders of the League of Nations are well entitled to appeal without hesitation and with full confidence for the sympathy and support of three hundred million Catholics.

J. G. SNEAD-COX.

## TO CONSCRIPTS

*Compel them to come in.*—St. Luke.

YOU “made a virtue of necessity”  
By divine sanction ; you, the loth, the grey,  
The random, gentle, unconvinced ; Oh, be  
The crowned!—you may, you may.

You, the compelled, be feasted ! You, the caught,  
Be freemen of the gates that word unlocks !  
Accept your victory from that unsought,  
That heavenly paradox.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

AMERICA has never discontinued her intense interest in Ireland. During the past year, in newspapers and books, there have been drive and counter-drive, with vexation of spirit as the sole result. The contributions to sanity or justice have been few and far between. Books by Tom Kettle and John Quinn have been welcomed by the bulk of moderate opinion. We cannot review such works of mischievous bitterness as *The Oppressed English* of Ian Hay, or Seumas MacManus' responsive sarcasm called *Ireland's Case*. That history can be written in the form of propagandism and still remain history is true, but such books denigrate all propaganda and generally militate against the very cause they are intended to serve. In these cases, especially that of the first-named, they have done nothing but add to Irish-American resentment. The one is as inaccurate in the present as the other is irrelevant in the past.

Far pleasanter to read, and more productive of good feeling, is Mr. Humphrey Desmond's *Why God loves the Irish* (Devin Adair). In his Introduction, Dr. Maurice Egan makes the natural comment: "I had never been taught that He especially loved the Irish, though I knew that they loved Him." However, a quotation from Mr. Austen O'Malley supplies the reason: "God is good to the Irish, but no one else is; not even the Irish." As far as any moral can be found in the book, it is a good-humoured defence of the Irish-American based on merry quotations. The Irish brought blarney and bravery into the States, even if they abode in Tammany; but, as Lord Bryce remarked, "New York was not an Eden before the Irish came." A serious paragraph describes not untruly "the Irish Hannibal" who seems sworn "everywhere to meddle with the designs of England; everywhere to beat down her power; everywhere to nullify her treaties, and to interfere with her friendships." To this we may couple Ian Hay's statement that "the failure of Great Britain to settle the so-called Irish Question is a distinct bar to a complete entente cordiale with America."

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A very serious and considered study of the Irish Question is contained in *Ireland* (Huebsch) by one of the Irish-American pleiad, Francis Hackett. He is highly abstract, well informed, often bitter, and generally pessimistic. He is determined to be fair, to quote abundantly, comment incisively, and arrive at a right conclusion. He believes "the one thing undeniable is the moral insolvency of the Empire in Ireland," but he feels that "the American is absolutely sound in the instinct which compels him to reject the wholesale indictment of England." The alternatives are "not federalism and rebellion—they are the permanent international disgrace of England and genuine Home Rule." But when the latter is granted, "Ireland may discover that a good many of the defects of English rule were simply the average defects of all rule." For the defects as they stand he has only wrath and scorn. The book reads like a palimpsest. Underneath is an unreconstructed rebel, and above is an abstract intellectualist, who distinguishes between Empire and Imperialism or between Freedom and Justice, in Ireland. "I'll have my rights when we're free." "No, my gallant man, you'll be just as far from justice as you were before." "Perhaps there is no such thing as justice. God knows what put it into my head. Sometimes it's like a dream a million years old. I'll be content if the country is free."

This sounds like an Abbey Theatre dialogue. A little later Mr. Hackett writes: "Many men take injustice standing up, but very few take justice lying down. It is superficial to blame the Irishman for wincing until the power that injured him has been broken. The power is not the British Empire. It is quite unequivocally British Imperialism." This is no square meal for a partisan. He deals with Causes, Consequences, and Remedies, linked by bursts of curious reverie. Every now and again his keen tastes or faint prejudices lead to a concise conclusion suffering from that anti-clericalism which is the chicken-pox of rising Irish writers; he lays a good deal of Irish misfortune on Rome: "The English invasion would never have occurred but for Ireland's dependence on

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Rome." Now historic truth tells us that a certain independence of Roman discipline was the chief reason why it was brought about. With a deft use of phrase he criticizes right and left. We think that more often than not he is right. Sir Horace Plunkett's Organization is the "greatest triumph of Sinn Fein." The Catholic Church in Ireland "is about as revolutionary as a hen." Arthur Griffith is "a Ulysses battling against the Manchesterian Cyclops." George Russell, in his invariable sanity and poise, is "the North Star of Ireland." The attitude of the Irish Party toward the Gaelic League is what "a publican would take toward a confectioner." There is a whole chapter in the phrase; for it was an Ireland abstaining from politics which began to crave the sweets of poesy. But to say that "The Abbey Theatre dared to fiddle while the parliamentarians burned" is topsyturvy. It was truer that the Abbey set folk afire while the Party fiddled. To the contemptuous criticism of an English peer, who said that, compared to Grattan, the Redmonds were municipal, he simply replies that "Captain Redmond did not die municipally." The executed Sinn Feiners showed "ecstasy" against the "sodden commonplaces." "Distrust is the true King of Ireland." And nobody seems to distrust Irish things more than Mr. Hackett: "Ireland is a sad, wet, empty country, a country of frustrated natives and detached, patronizing, smart, unsympathetic English people."

From criticism it is pleasanter to turn to remedies: "To make Ireland prosperous without making her meretricious," is a good slogan. He enumerates a litany of the "healthy materialism" which is necessary, including "good cooking, dry houses, dry feet, hot water, electric light." But surely of "fast horses, swift conversation, and bands" the country has already abundantly. For poverty, holy or unholy, he has only the curse of Chicago. He accuses Poverty bitterly of taking the Nineteenth Century out of Ireland. Nevertheless, Irishmen brought the Nineteenth Century to America, which was still living in the Eighteenth.

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It makes Mr. Hackett furious to think that "Poverty has sat in sardonic censorship on art and literature and science. It has dwarfed art. It has thinned literature. It has precluded science." We see equally the truth and the falsity of this statement. But what has wealth done for Chicago? The author is irritating, and at the same time stimulating. The writing is so good that one regrets the rather tedious citations from Lord Morley, Lady Waterford, Thoreau, Childers, Walter Bagehot and Harold Begbie, with which the book is plentifully stuffed. Amid much satire, some allegory, and a crop of epigrams, the solution to the Irish problem is suddenly shot forth, and, as it is the one we have always desired, we read it with satisfaction: "A democratic minimum, full fiscal autonomy, and Dominion Home Rule."

In an *Envoi* he gives Ireland yet another striking symbol: "What have I to do with lamentation? The tradition of Ireland is priceless. On Empire's neck hangs the sacred albatros." And there it will remain until statesmen, goaded by American writers, unloose the curse. It is a solid book, a pudding with some plums; and, like the bluish flame of brandy sauce, the author's own temperament plays round the dish, spurting sometimes into a well-timed truth and at others into odd irrelevancy. Towards the end he sketches landlord-decline and "lonely castles with a lonely English servitor at the wicket and no one at home, a peacock lording it in the solitude." This sounds like Disraeli describing an English country-house, not like homes of the Irish gentry who have generally the idealism to prefer turkeys and Irish servants as their companions. Finally, Mr. Hackett solemnly bans those who wear "a Norman coronet in Ireland and sit in the wind of antipathy." But of Norman coronets scarcely any are left in Ireland. Most of them were long tumbled in the dust fighting to win Ireland an aristocratic maximum!

S. L.



## Idols and Idylls

IS it silly to use the word "important" about a little book of schoolboy's essays? It would be, were we to suggest, by that, that *Idols and Idylls* (Burns & Oates), for example, "By a Public Schoolboy" (whose name the Introduction, by M. C. D., rather mistakenly gives away), made any remarkable contribution to our literature in style or idea. Of course it doesn't. But we find in it the work of a boy who can (like most boys, after all) read, think and write, and *has been encouraged to do all three*. He reads, to start with, quite a varied literature. Thackeray, Browning, *Sinister Street*, *The Loom of Youth*. Clearly his directors obeyed no gospel of funk. You can, of course, shut windows—there will be fewer draughts, possibly fewer deaths from pneumonia, though I doubt it. But, meanwhile, the dulling eyes, the vague headaches, the listless prayers! And how soon the room smells nasty. Yes! exactly that. And how impolite to Catholic training to suppose that the least contact with the non-Catholic will infect the soul. Leave *that* to Protestants, ever in a panic of the resistless "glamour of Rome."

Further, this Stonyhurst boy thinks, and with great liberty. Epigrams don't prove thought, and he writes few enough. Nor does revolutionism prove it; and he never struggles just to smash. His is no conventional unconventionality. True, his essay on "Masters" is deliciously frank; his view of his School, of his friends, of athletics (and his own defeats and desires), is singularly objective; he can be as aware of the pattern of the local religion and morality as of his wall-papers; and in this is no *hyper-æsthesis* of the wits, because his reflections are very sensible and what most boys think if once they can be persuaded that thought is a possible occupation. And boys of 17 and 18 ought to think a certain amount: it is quite time they started, if only in view of the saving of their souls—souls do not, except in cases of extreme sickness, have to be saved at the expense of thought. Finally, P. B. can express himself. This is where praise is, a second time, due to the masters who have helped

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him. Because everyone who has tried to do this for boys knows how difficult it is to reach that sincere simplicity which alone is the true foundation of style ; and anyone who has read, say, the ordinary army official's communications knows with what terror the Pen must be regarded by the average public-school product. We congratulate P.B., M.C.D., and the College which, in these essays, has been so realistically treated without loss of its romance.

C. C. M.

WE confess to having embarked upon the *Soliloquies of a Hermit* (Andrew Melrose), by T. F. Powys, with good hope and will. There is so much which might usefully be thought, and even said, by one who nowadays can afford, or is allowed, to be a hermit. And doubtless the writing of the book will have been useful to the author, who finds that unexpressed moods generate explosions—but that proves him no proper hermit. Its printing, however, will be useful to nobody. We have read it quite carefully, and, within the extreme confusion of the author's mind, we detect two ancient false notions which might have organized his philosophy for him, were his thoughts consecutive and concentrated enough to obey them. One is the idea of a God who can change and dwindle and suffer from moods (Mr. Powys cannot escape from the word—we suppose him the helpless victim of his own), expressing themselves in the world's multiform life. The other is the desirable extinction of the self, against which he sets the word Immortality, a characteristic, he considers, of ordinary effort and ideal, and capable (quaint contradiction !) of being done away with.

Mr. Powys writes a lot about this god and about Jesus, of whom he approves as having allowed the god's moods to burn themselves out in him, thus helping much towards ending god and Immortality alike. Still, he talks a lot more about himself, his moods, his Priesthood and his Pride. But a priest should be, at least, a servant ; Mr. Powys's hermithood doesn't serve ; and pride is too

## Life of Father van Rensselaer

polite a word for his self-preoccupation. We should not, after all, have reviewed this book, were it not an instance of that nemesis which descends on all mysticism which is not Catholic in principle. Mr. Powys might have dealt beautifully and strongly with his sense of God-indwelt nature ; he tastes, as it is, like Blake-and-dripping. His might have been real sympathy for his fellow-men ; and he writes like a fractious pocket-Tolstoy. He is twice over impertinent—in his realism, as when he talks of girls and drinks, and is like a curate shaking hands violently to prove he too is a man ; and in his transcendentalism, for which he thinks nonsense-paradox to stand sufficient sanction. The astonishing thing is that he seems to possess children. That may be good for him if they are plucky. If they aren't, "*quelle vie chez papa !*"

C. C. M.

THE Society of Jesus thrives under the Republic. The Ignatian net gathers a wonderful medley in the States. The *Life of Father van Rensselaer*, by Edward Spillane, S.J. (America Press), is the record of a convert from the old Dutch aristocracy of Patroons, whose letters from Oxford in the eighteen-seventies sketch a religious phase that has gone for ever. The impressionable young American lived in the hot-bed fomented by Pusey, Liddon, and King, personally. His Anglicanism became very correct. He was grieved that "such an old Erastian as Tait should be Primate," and "he hated to be in Scotland on account of the prevailing religion." Vaticanists he found "hideous in some of their teaching," and he resisted the temptation of hearing Manning preach in Oxford. However, he heard him in London, where the guilt of schism must have seemed less ; and was amazed that "he never mentioned Purgatory, but said the hour of death would be the hour of judgment."

The impossibility of planting Oxford Catholicism in America brought about his conversion and led to a full vocation as a Jesuit spent chiefly among New York firemen. His intense desire to serve on the Indian Missions

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was not gratified unless vicariously in the person of his contemporary Father William Stanton, whose *Life* has now been written by William Kane, S.J. (Herder). Stanton is described as "a man to pass unnoticed in the crowd, were it not that the crowd loved him." The rules of the Society become elastic in the case of a specialist. His vocation was saving souls, but his hobby was preserving snakes. His Superior on the Mission in British Honduras found a live alligator under his bed. His knowledge of natives, insects, and Spanish, led to his transference to the Philippines, as soon as they passed under the American Flag. He was the first American priest to be ordained in the Islands. There he worked during the difficult times of transition, with headquarters at the famous Observatory whence the Jesuits sent out accurate warning of typhoons, sometimes in vain to Protestant skippers, who preferred shipwreck to taking advice from such doubtful sources. He had time to add sixty-seven new varieties of insects to the Smithsonian records—also to bring back numberless American soldiers to their duties. The sight of these Irish-Americans kneeling in the conquering uniform at Mass produced as salutary effect in the Philippines as it is said to be producing in France. In the height of his work he gave up the prospect of a scientific career in order to be with the Honduras Indians again, whose religion, nominally Catholic, sometimes consisted of worshipping a boar's head or burning candles before coloured advertisements of Hennessy's brandy. By a martyr's devotion Father Stanton brought them gradually to Confession and Communion. He made his rounds through the jungle with axe and rifle, laying up the seed of the agonizing disease which killed him; and, as though to complete the sacrifice, his book on the Honduras Fauna was lost. Something of the spirit of Damien and of the Jesuit Missions to Paraguay lingers in these pages.

S. L.

## The Cup of Bliss

UNEQUAL skill makes an interesting and uncommon contrast with equal and distinguished thought, and a style often noble, in *The Cup of Bliss and Other Poems* (sold by Francis Albino, 22, Ainger Road, N.W.). And not only distinguished thought but very original thought is here; one hesitates to say original mysticism, because mysticism, properly so called, is theological and very strictly ruled. Within these rules this anonymous writer finds a high freedom, courage, and individuality. See, for example, "Seek ye First," written to urge

That sanctity proceeds from love of God,  
Rather than love of God from sanctity.

What seems at first glance an almost perilous enterprise turns out to be a whole-hearted self-dedication, as it were, a humility higher, not lower, than self. A poem, "Skylark," beginning in a rather prim Eighteenth Century manner—"See from the field the soaring lark ascend"—ends with a note of fine inspiration, after a pause on the lark's failure and descent:

I know the atmosphere of distant skies;  
I know another skylark—O my soul!

In fact, it is not too much to claim for these poems an unflagging inspiration. There is nothing ready-made in thought, and nothing of the *cliché* in the utterance. The author would be distinguished by this alone, if he had no other distinction—that in these poems there is no "vocabulary." With the fashion of to-day, or of yesterday, or of any recently bygone day, in phrase, in adjective, the book has nothing to do. Even the absence of date or fashion is his very own, and not another's. The occasional little *gaucherie*, as in the phrase in which Time is prosaically said to "explain," would not have been found in the verse of any other writer of power such as the poem in which it occurs makes manifest. This is *A Mental Telegram*, and it records the experience of one to whom death is announced as coming soon:

So I began in haste  
To beautify the garden of my mind.

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I sat me down to wait the promised guest ;  
And then to my astonishment profound  
He failed to visit me.

No day, no date, could rightly be inferred ;  
To every creature, ready or surprised,  
Death cometh soon.

This is a summary of a poem that has true beauty in the working out. It probably relates an incident of youth, for it is to the young mind that such a message comes, suddenly as a "telegram."

A. M.

*LES Témoins du Renouveau Catholique* (Gabriel Beauchesne) is a collection of the several records of conversions or reconciliations of a certain group of Frenchmen known as *Les Jeunes*—known as such for some years ; they have mostly passed into the middle of life, and their testimony has gained thereby ; it holds good. They are men who reacted against the dilettantism of Renan in religion and—in a manner less easy for English readers to understand—against the social derogation of which the Dreyfus case was a sign ! Both of these decadences are now in a fair way to be forgotten, even in France, where they had influence. And we shall not be sorry to see the "youth" of our French converts dropped. There is something pathetic and rather discouraging in the insistence upon their juvenility.

Antiquity made perhaps a disproportionate demand upon the respect of its society for its aged—its senates. The modern world, dating from 1789, demands disproportionate respect for its young. Old age was safer in this matter—it had nothing to pass on to, except death ; it remained, at any rate, old. Youth, on the other hand, has to grow first older and then old. Its character of youth is the one character that cannot be kept. And, looking back through five or six successive "youths," one wishes that each had been wise enough not to boast of its transitory quality, for each in turn had its

## Testimonies of Les Jeunes

hopes denied, ignored, or derided by a "youth" succeeding. Therefore, it is well to have waited a little before "Les Jeunes" gathered their experiences in collected print, to have waited until they had a past, to have waited, in a word, until Paul Claudel was fifty years old.

These "testimonies" have both a collective and a separate value. The men were almost all friends; they converted one another. They were local, as the Dreyfus allusion shows. The most conspicuous reference to international thought or writing is (Kant, of course, apart) that which M. Pierre de Lescure makes to the works of the late Father Tyrrell. (Even here the title of one of those books is cited as "The Christianity at the Cross Roads," showing little familiarity with English idiom.) But in spite of what, in defiance of Matthew Arnold and of those who took up his phrases as cries, we shall venture to call French provincialism, we find in each of these testimonies an essential originality, the originality which—to take another of Matthew Arnold's phrases and turn it inwards (not inside out, but outside in)—we shall call "of the centre." The centre here is not Arnold's centre of collectivism and general culture; it is the centre of each man's mind, the very core. English readers will probably turn first to the pages of Paul Claudel and of Francis Jammes. Those poets' voices have carried across the Channel more effectively than many, perhaps chiefly because poetry does carry better than prose; but let no one think that they uttered solos with a chorus. Such a fancy would be refuted at once by the book before us. M. Claudel's testimony is very brief, and little explicit. He tells us that before his reconciliation his chief difficulty lay in the knowledge of the plurality of worlds. As he follows this confession with three notes of exclamation in parenthesis he evidently thinks it was an absurd doubt, but he says nothing of the process of its removal. What he does tell us is the exact spot, by the second pillar on the right of the sacristy entrance of Notre Dame, where after young years of immorality, of monism, of determinism, and of unhappiness, he believed. Ever since then he has



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believed. But he still held the clergy in horror and disgust, still thought Catholic teaching contained a whole store of silly anecdotes, he still had the inexplicable shame that prevented him from keeping Fridays at the family table, where no one kept them; and this hard, convinced, tortured Catholicism lasted for three years. At last came confession, to an aged priest who was very little moved by an avowal that to the penitent seemed so interesting, and who said the usual French things about the sacred memories of First Communion. (It is to be noted that First Communion had very little influence upon the converts of this book of Testimonies.) It was yet another year before a better confession was made to a more alert confessor; and there ends the history of a great author's despair, and begins that of his peace.

Francis Jammes, who calls Claudel his second guardian angel, gives an even briefer testimony. His conversion, he tells us—the most obscure of all conversions—followed upon a gloomy boyhood, and after that conversion followed such scruples as seemed insuperable and final. Here, too, we have no record of the answering of difficulties or the removal of doubts. These important matters fill up the record of M. Georges Dumesnil, whose testimony the editor (Father Mainage, O.P., editor also of the *Revue des Jeunes*) has headed "*Une Conversion Intellectuelle*," and who avows that he held it to be his foremost duty to develop and to use to the utmost of his power the faculty of reason. He was arrested on no road to Damascus. He came away from a college where the professors fought against religion explicitly, and not merely implicitly by teaching science in their own manner and in their own terms, a college the boys of which threw stones at seminarians on the roads, and he did not leave it an atheist; but his reconciliation, through philosophic study, did not take place until he was nearing his fortieth year. M. Louis Bertrand again has Kant, Renan, Dreyfus in his mental history—a trio living together in the past of none but Frenchmen. His course was philosophic, but it was beyond our easy understanding patriotic.

## Pennsylvanian Commonwealth

Next comes a woman, Mlle Léontine Zanta, doctor in philosophy, and her conversion was appropriaté to her calling. In philosophy she found no definite and inflexible moral guide; and in a brilliant and successful youth an inflexible guide was the need of every day. Thus her record is that of a journey outside of her philosophy rather than through it. She was in search of something else; and thus neither does this "testimony" deal with the intellectual difficulties of a conversion.

These writers—there are ten—have overcome no little reluctance in publishing their records. There is no sign of the *besoin de parler de soi*; they have told the reader what it was enjoined upon them that they should tell; it is told with a full sincerity, and it is reported in this brief review with a like frankness; but not all is told. Not all can be told of the spiritual or mental or emotional history of man or woman. But what the reader receives is a most true confidence, limited but perfect within its limits. Many a book do we lay down with thankfulness for its beauty, its wit, its ingenuity, but in this case the reader gives the writers thanks with a closer human gratitude.

A. M.

THE pioneer of a series of intensive guides to the American States deals with *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania* (The Encyclopædia Press), "the holy experiment" in the demesne of human politics. The history, resources and religion of the State are treated in the most informing manner by Mr. Thomas Kilby Smith. Penn and Franklin, Valley Forge and Gettysburg are the names we associate with Pennsylvania history. But there is an immense amount more of which an astonishing store is garnered within the three hundred pages of this book. The religious history has always been an important strand. Founded by and for Quakers, it attracted all the sects which the Eighteenth Century found persecuted in the German peasantry. Whole communities of German pacifists and pietists, such as the Tunkers and Memnonites, came over under Penn's auspices and planted a corner

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of old Germany, which survived almost to the present day in custom, religion and habits of life. The Pennsylvania Dutch, as they were called, kept a German patois parallel to the dialect used by the French in Canada. They were followed by the German Churchmen and Lutherans who lost their language more readily and were absorbed into the American stock. Then came the Scotch-Irish, also the pioneers of the Presbyterian religion, who, by their protection of the Quakers from the Indian and by their attitude in the Revolution, became the dominant stock. The Catholic element had begun to gather in the background. We are given an interesting sidelight; "When after Braddock's defeat during the French War, hostility to France led to an attack upon the Catholics of Philadelphia by a mob, the Quakers protected them." The surrender at Yorktown was celebrated by a Mass of thanksgiving. With the coming of the Irish the Catholic religion slowly became the leading Church in the State, its adherents being estimated now at two millions.

With the opening of the new century, Archbishop Ryan was called upon to offer prayer at the Presidential Convention held in Philadelphia, for by that time, we are told, "very few Irishmen in Pennsylvania were found in humble employment, compared with men of other nationalities, while, on the other hand, the political religious and professional offices have to a great extent passed into their control." Naturally there have been temporary movements of opposition, as in the eighteen-forties, when the Native American Party burnt down Catholic churches in Philadelphia. A more recent effort seems to have had a humorous effect, when the Legislators forbade the wearing of the religious garb in the public schools in 1894. As a result there was "much trouble in the districts where the teachers wore the garb of the Memnonites or of other Protestant denominations."

S. L.

## Two Crowded Years

**A**RCHBISHOP MUNDELEIN'S *Two Crowded Years* (Extension Press) is a record of the strenuous ecclesiastical life. It is told in keen, shrewd, correct and unimpeachable addresses of the kind an American Archbishop is delivering without notice on most days of the week. There is no sign of respite or sentiment or imagination, only of mingled business and devotional sense, the business being, of course, the business of the Church. We are grateful for the wide reading which led to the statement that "the History of Ireland means to a great extent the History of the Church in the Middle Ages"; but St. Patrick's Day is not his "birthday," as we see the Archbishop told the Irish Fellowship Club on the Feast, but the day on which the Saint died. The most interesting letter discusses the Negroes and the work of their evangelization. Refusing to labour the difficult colour discrimination existing in every great American city, the Archbishop took advantage of it to seclude a Church and parish dedicated to St. Monica for the coloured people of Chicago. In many ways Archbishop Mundelein has shown himself fitted to be one of the Archbishops of Reconstruction. The younger Archbishops, like Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Glennon (of St. Louis) and Mundelein, might claim that their work lies accomplished behind them; but the times call them to face the wonderful but no less inscrutable future of their country. Is reconstructed America to be based on Catholic or on Socialist principle? Which shall prevail in the great cities—the Masses or the Mass? Is not the League of Nations already a matter of practice in the Church of America? The Holy See has placed great Archbishops at the vital points of American life. Here, if anywhere, Reconstruction and Unity must be born. At Boston, sooner or later, must come that reconciliation between the Irish and English spirit which faulty statesmanship seems to find it impossible to achieve in the old world. At St. Louis must develop the emancipation of all that is best in the German under the American mould; and at Chicago all races may look faithfully to the guidance of

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their Archbishop, that they may reach that highest American ideal which is not very different from that of the Church.

S. L.

IT is not to be expected that a scholar would find that his attainments were of any service to him in the trenches; the only thing, indeed, for him to discover would be to what extent the trend of his mind in the past was now going to be an actual handicap. In the case of Stephen Hewett, who applied for a commission at the age of twenty-one, in 1914, and was killed in France in July, 1916, and whose letters are now published, *A Scholar's Letters from the Front* (Longmans), the student's mind was allowed to put no obstacle in the way of the soldier's calling. It is true that, as a scholar, before he entered the army, he had a habit of losing his way, or his luggage, or anything else that can be lost, and "was very easily made anxious and nervous by the unexpected incidents of daily life"—but these were qualities discarded by the soldier. It is true also that he wrote of himself in France: "It will always take a great deal of effort for me to imitate the naturally strong man"—but after describing his growing confidence in battle he was able to write: "Of course all this means no more than that I am reaching the state which for the Army is the normal and healthy one: yet that is saying much for one of my temperament, for I am sure that many of my friends feared that it would be otherwise." Another fine and simple stage by which this scholar became a soldier was this: "I have learnt," he writes, "that it is a great sin and a foolishness as well to be dissatisfied with *any* lot of one's fellow beings into whose company chance may throw one."

A student of Downside and Balliol (he had won all possible University scholarships), Stephen Hewett not only loved learning, but with the deepest devotion he loved those places that had given him his learning and given him much else besides. In France he remembered

## Letters from the Front

Spring in Oxford : " How the joy of being there last May almost maddened me ! " And all through his letters the word Downside recurs—as one cannot help speaking of what is part of one's very being : " The thought of revisiting Downside is still like a flame within me." Both places gave their great natural beauty to his praise-loving nature. And during what remained to him of his brief youth, those two years of sharp trial in France, his praise of Nature burst from him, never touched by that shadow and discontent of personal longings which natural beauty so often brings to the young. From rest in Huts, he writes :

The huts . . . are always fresh, even in this burning weather, and every morning I wake up after a deep slumber unbroken by watches or orders to turn out at 3.30, with a breeze on my cheek, sunshine in my eyes, and the sight of the green trees shimmering (as even now they must be in Balliol quad), and in my ears the hum of a yellow bee, or the cropping of the old mare who shares the field with us. Never have I *felt* the spring more.

And again :

The other morning as I was strolling back at sunrise from the trenches with two other officers, a stray bullet sighed between my head and the fellow just in front of me, but did not—as it would once have done—make me talk about it for the rest of the day, or even disturb the exquisite pleasure of our walk through a great lush meadow, full of wild flowers and the flicker of lithe and feathery trees—a scene in which the matins of early birds seemed to be the essential thing, and the mutter of distant guns quite incidental and unreal.

In an excellent introduction Mr. F. F. Urquhart remarks that a scholar is always something of a cosmopolitan. To the scholar, therefore, the outbreak of war would bring its peculiar shame, as if a country were divided against itself. In his world of books he has crossed boundaries too freely to remember that they are jealous barriers ; and it was this sense of unspeakable shame that the war first brought to Stephen Hewett. But at once he sank this cosmopolitanism in that sense of discipline of which a trained scholar already knows so



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much that even as a soldier he can hardly know more. He became a fine soldier, as he had done everything else well. His last letter was written to his sister, who is a nun, and he speaks with longing of what she has attained—"not the mere happiness of peace and England; but that beatitude (already realized in your life) which we can only pray that we may reach through the ordeal and the fire before us."

V. M.

READERS familiar with the inimitable charm of Mrs. Parry Eden's verses and with Mrs. Trotter's *Nigel* (a real revelation of consecrated power and beauty), will be prepared for *The Station Platform* (Sands) by Miss Margaret Mackenzie. Their technique is, doubtless, more perfect than hers; and the whimsical nursery-element in Mrs. Eden's work, and the special sorrow of the *Mater Desolata*, which is in Mrs. Trotter's, are absent. For this writer grieves for a death not brought about by war, and of a dearer than friend or even—who knows?—than child. In all three are found, to a high degree, sincerity, courage, and vision. None of them goes one hair's-breadth beyond truth of soul; there is no affectation, no self-flattering sentiment, no playing to any gallery, even cultured or æsthetic. In such an atmosphere we can breathe; along such paths we can move freely. And courage is a virtue we are at last understanding. It has to be gentle as well as strong. There is a grim and bitter determination which is not the ideal courage. In none of these poems, though they who wrote them have assuredly suffered, is any bitterness. And there is vision, not sham mysticism, but faith with sanity. Nowhere else, perhaps, is so excellent a combination of human qualities to be sought save in little poems which appear from time to time in *Punch*. (And herein is already material for a whole philosophy!) But in these Catholic writers is better than just good humanity. Therefore, Miss Mackenzie's work will realize her hopes, and heal and intimately help. Her name and style will appeal to



## The Delphic Oracle

a rather special audience, but one where help and healing are likely to be both needed and welcomed. Reversing the single-flower scheme of Japanese decoration, Miss Mackenzie's verses need rather to be gathered into a bouquet; their effect is cumulative, and it is a pity that "A Little House" must, for our purposes, stand alone:

There are so many mansions in God's street,  
And ours shall be a very little house . . .  
The things of earth we love shall be with us,  
White cities and the funny, silly things  
That make us happy . . .  
Only the smallest saints will visit us . . .  
Yes, ours shall be a very little house,  
For we were always over-fragile souls,  
Brought up in God's great nursery with all care  
And kept alive by tender cosseting . . .  
And He, I know, Who bade the children come,  
Will not disdain to take His pleasure there.

And Miss Mackenzie shall be forgiven even her fairies in lines so otherwise unaffected as

I have a little sister;  
I am dark, but she is fair,  
And the fairies gave her fairy eyes  
And the most amusing hair,  
And I really think the wicked things  
Are still in hiding there.

The simplest of Miss Mackenzie's quatrains has its own measure of content:

AFTER A DAY SPENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Too tired to write, I think.  
Too tired for thoughts, I pray.  
Too tired to say my prayers,  
I thank God for to-day.

C. C. M.

ST. AUGUSTINE, reviewing Marcus Varro's survey of the gods of Rome, pays that "documental and sententious" historian a very pretty tribute, which might fitly be handed on to Father T. Dempsey, M.A., B.D., whose thesis on *The Delphic Oracle: its Early History*,

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*Influence and Fall* (Blackwell) is now published with a foreword by Professor Conway. "*Quis curiosus . . . ista quæsiuit? Quis invenit doctius? Quis consideravit attentius? Quis distinxit acutius? Quis diligentius pleniusque conscripsit?*" Diligent research, wise choice of material, critical care, keen discernment, and a pains-taking and ample treatment of a worthy subject, have gone far towards making Father Dempsey's book a very notable piece of work. It is true that, in the curiosity of his quest, his pick and shovel have dealt somewhat ruthlessly with the tranquil turf of tradition; and that his way with the honeyed fables that root like wallflowers in the ruined plinths and pediments of the Peloponnesus—his way, even, with those ruins themselves—is not unlike that of his own French excavators at Delphi whose industry has "literally stirred every stone on the site of the ancient oracle."

The mere poet, who is, after all, with the physician and prophet, the heir of Apollo, will be a little dashed to come across the Hyperboreans—whom Pindar and Herodotus pictured basking so divinely beyond the frosty Caucasus at the back of the north wind—fined down to a sort of peripatetic priesthood carrying "sacred things wrapped in straw" from one Greek hamlet to another. Father Dempsey, however, may be spared the curse due to him who removes his neighbour's landmark, out of gratitude for the treasures his zeal has brought to light. He allows two of the belittled Hyperboreans, the architects Pagasus and Agæus, to build the first temple at Delphi, a temple of laurel-wood; and another, Olen, "Apollo's first interpreter," to found the oracle. He goes fully into the pre-Apolline cults of "rocky Pytho," a site foredoomed by its natural endowments to be the stage of a divining ritual. The lustral waves of the Castalian stream; the heady waters of the spring Cassotis; the prophetic laurel growing hard by a cleft in the ground whence dreams arose in a mephitic vapour from an audible underworld; all these, bounded by rocks of august savagery, were devoted to older and darker cults

## The Delphic Oracle

before the coming of Apollo. From the common list of these cults the worship of Dionysus is picked out by Father Dempsey, on sufficiently shrewd grounds, as co-opted later by the Apolline priesthood; although Bouché-Leclercq and Miss Harrison stand for a prior Dionysiac tenure of the shrine. Be that as it may, the humanizing force of that singularly noble cult—which embodied a belief in the undying soul and, to the heroic at least, a chance of future bliss—determined the bias of the Delphians themselves, the Pythian priesthood and the oracle.

Apollo once installed, the Pythia—an untrained, simple, elderly woman, whose soul, when she had left the frenzied tripod, had to be “free from perturbations”—was the sole medium of divine utterance. Father Dempsey goes deeply into the character and message of the Pythia of whose genuine frenzy and supernatural inspiration there appears to have been little doubt until Euripides, hazard-ing “whether the God be true or doth idly prophesy,” paved the way for the scoffs of Cynics and Epicureans. “*Le paganisme et le Christianisme*,” says Bouché-Leclercq, with a side-glance at St. Augustine’s *de Divinatione Daemonum*, “*sont parfaitement d’accord sur les faits*.” “The purely natural explanation of all the facts does not,” says Father Dempsey, “seem possible.” He touches in an interesting footnote on the “extraordinary parallelism between modern spiritistic teaching and the doctrine of spirit communication given by Porphyry.” This connection, between Mr. Sludge the Medium and the Pythia, pointed out also by Father Alexis Lépicier (*The Unseen World*) is capable of fuller treatment than it necessarily receives at Father Dempsey’s hands. One thing is noticeable—that, though the morality of Delphic utterances did little more than keep pace with the morality of their day, now and then it seemed to transcend that day; as though God indeed, winking at those eras of ignorance, allowed a certain sibylline light to gleam, as through a glass darkly, at Delphi. After the coming of Our Lord, the oracle, a thing outstript and outworn, lagged behind

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even the genius of its age ; and how far the divining spirit has fallen in our own time from Greek magnanimity, can only be gauged by comparing the messages to Clisthenes and Dinomenes with those to Sir Oliver Lodge. How this change began ; and how the oracle which had encouraged philosophers, poets, and artists, determined the policy of tyrannies and republics, counselled colonial adventure, laid down the trend of legislation, furthered religious unity while cherishing local observances, championed truth, honesty, holy poverty and at least ritual purity—how this far-darting Phœbus waned and set, is told in the last chapter of Father Dempsey's book.

This last chapter, readable as it is, would perhaps have been bettered by the reverse of the author's own counsel to the mastodontic Bouché-Leclercq : " Less rhetoric and more demonstration." It is on just such a theme as the decline and fall of Delphi that the merely demonstrative method, with its tendency to read like the pious jottings of a laboratory, is seen at its worst. How, after the Battle of Philippi, the ruinous state of the oracle came to the ears of Rome ; how Mark Antony mooted the repair of the burnt temple ; how Nero bribed and bullied and finally, as the story goes, choked the sacred cleft with corpses ; how Domitian favoured Delphi as a conscious set-off to Calvary, and how his savants rallied to the shrine long after its simple worshippers were gone ; how the Pythia broke silence for Julian the Apostate, to proclaim the speaking water quenched and the prophetic laurel withered ; how Theodosius closed the temple and Arcadius razed it to the ground—all these great happenings stand in need of just that revivifying rhetoric to which, after their long sojourn in the scientific wilderness, historians may tardily revert. Let an Elizabethan humanist suggest the motto for Father Dempsey's next venture, to which no one who has hailed his first can fail to look forward. " These papers . . . lay like dead leaves in a churchyard. But I have gathered the scattered branches up, and by a charm gotten from Apollo made them green again."

H. P. E.

## Beasts, Birds and Bees of Virgil

MR. T. F. ROYDS is already known as the author of an excellent translation of the *Georgics* into English verse. Two little books, *The Beasts, Birds and Bees of Virgil* and *Virgil and Isaiah* (Blackwell), though they are slight, will add to his reputation among students of Virgil. The first-named is the more useful, more original, and the fruit of more work. It is well described by its sub-title "a naturalist's hand-book to the *Georgics*." Dr. Warde Fowler writes a few words of introduction to this, in which he says that he considers the *Georgics*, especially the third, about horses, to have the strongest appeal to Englishmen of any book of classical antiquity; and he suggests that this is a specially good book with which to begin the reading of Virgil. Whether this will generally be found so is a question schoolmasters must answer. Against the appeal of the *Georgics* to a sporting people who love beasts must be counted the fact that they are full of technical names; their vocabulary is both great and of little use for reading other Latin classics. The boy who reads the *Georgics* must learn many words that he will probably never meet again. On the other hand, what boy is not attracted by the travels, the sports and the splendid fighting of the *Æneid*? However, Mr. Royds' little book will be of great use, one might almost say, it will be indispensable, to the reader of the *Georgics*. It combines most happily knowledge of Virgil and his text, such as one would expect in a classical scholar, with the knowledge of a naturalist. The book is divided into three parts: I—Beasts and insects other than bees; II—Birds; III—(on *Georg.* IV) Bees. Two appendices add a few further notes, and a correction or two. In each case the author talks pleasantly about the creatures, in the form of a running commentary on the text, giving information on their habits which illustrates the poet and sometimes corrects him. Horses come first, then cattle, sheep, and so on. Passages from other Greek or Latin writers are quoted often, Xenophon on the horse, of course, to illustrate *Georg.* III; but the chief interest of Mr. Royds' notes is in the observations

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of the naturalist. The part about the bee is perhaps the most full of curious information, as the fourth *Georgic* is the most attractive book. The bee is certainly one of the most interesting animals, after man. There is a good quotation from Origen, *cont. Cels.* IV, on p. 58: "Bees have a leader with a train of courtiers and servants, and wars and victories and captures of the vanquished, and cities and suburbs, and relays of workmen, and lawsuits against the idle and vicious." Mr. Royds' remarks on the splendid description of bee war in *Georg.* IV, 67-87, at pp. 66-7 are a good specimen of his method. It appears that the Queen bee does sound a trumpet to victory:

"Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat, et vox  
auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum."

But she does not fight a meaner foe, keeping her sting for royal enemies only, like the German nobleman who will not fight a duel with a man who is not *hof-fähig*. It is also true that you may stop a bee-fight by throwing dust in the air:

"Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta  
pulueris exigui iactu compressa quiescunt."

Mr. Royds tells a delightful story of a man, Cotton, who tried to stop a fight in this way. Scrupulous as to the legality of his proceeding, he first read to the bees these lines, as a kind of Riot Act. After this honourable scruple, it is sad that he did not meet with the success he deserved.

Do bees go to sleep? Mr. Royds will tell you. Can they hear? It appears that Aristotle examined this question and came to the conclusion that it is *ἄδηλον ὅλως* (p. 64). It is strange that after so much study of bees the question is still *ἄδηλον*, though apparently not quite *ὅλως*. They certainly make a sound (though Gilbert White thought this a "wild and fanciful assertion"). The Queen has a little shrill trumpet voice: "*Saxa sonant uocisque offensa resultat imago.*" If they make a sound, presumably they can hear it. Queens pipe to their imprisoned rivals, and are answered by them. Yet Lord Avebury and others still think the question uncertain. "Bees

## Beasts, Birds and Bees of Virgil

are accomplished aeronauts, able to fly backwards and stop when they will, their four wings and flexible abdomen serving every purpose. . . . Magnified to the size of a swallow, their feats would be marvellous in the extreme."

"His quidem signis atque haec exempla secuti  
esse apibus partem diuinæ mentis et haustus  
aetherios dixere."

Mr. Royds' other book, of course on the fourth Eclogue, though the subject is of still greater interest and nobler in itself (as indeed we are told in the first line of the Eclogue), is of less value, simply because the work has been done so very well already. After Mayor, Fowler and Conway's book, there is really nothing more to be said; unless someone has a totally new theory about the meaning of the poem. Mr. Royds has nothing new to say. His book is only a slighter repetition of what his predecessors have done. The child is the daughter of Augustus, Julia; Virgil is a prophet, not in the sense that he foresaw or foretold the birth of Christ, but inasmuch as he expressed the hope of a golden age, which was actually fulfilled in our Lord. This has all been said too often before to be worth repeating. Incidentally we discover that our Reverend author is very Broad Church in his views. He does not commit himself to any final view as to the right reading of the last line but one ("*qui non risere parenti*"). So far, then, there seems but little justification for Mr. Royds' new essay on so old a subject. The best things in the book, however, are his two versions of the Eclogue. The first is in English hexameters—so far as such a thing can exist (English hexameters are like plainsong with English words, impossible really). However, the result is not unattractive; some lines are quite good:

Justice the maid comes back, and the ancient glory of Saturn,  
New is the seed of man sent down from heavenly places.  
Smile on the new-born babe, for a new earth greets his  
appearing.

Still more amusing is Mr. Royds' attempt to render the



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Eclogue into the prose of the Authorized Bible, thus making a new Isaiah out of Virgil. This is a mere *tour de force*; but it is one quite cleverly carried out. The pagan names have to go, or the illusion would be destroyed at once. "*Redeunt saturnia regna*" becomes "the kingdom of God returneth from the ancient days." Thracius, Orpheus, Linus, Pan, Apollo, and so on, have to be cut down considerably. All that passage becomes: "So shall my words please him, and all the trees of the wood shall rejoice before the Lord; worship him, all ye gods." Yet Lucina, Tiphys, Achilles and Troy remain. Perhaps the prettiest and most successful passage is lines 18-20: "The earth herself shall make speed to bring thee gifts, O child, from fields wherein the plower plowed not, and the sower sowed not his seed; and the ivy and the fox-glove, and the lily and the acanthus shall blossom for thee together, yea, they shall laugh and sing." "Acanthus" is not good. Pity he did not think of "thorn." Otherwise, if you read that aloud with the particular sing-song intonation of the Anglican clergyman reading Lessons, if you are careful to make "plowed" and "sowed" words of two syllables, the illusion is remarkably good. But what can Mr. Royds do with the last lines? He does very well: "Yea, let thy tongue be filled with joy; for whoso is born in sorrow, he shall not eat and drink in the kingdom of God, neither shall he take a holy one to wife." "*Dea nec dignata cubili est*"; "Neither shall he take a holy one to wife" is delightful. The idea seems to be: if Isaiah had meant to say what Virgil said, how would he have said it?

At the end we have again that fragment of an alleged sequence about St. Paul at Virgil's tomb: "*Ad Maronis mausoleum*," etc. The source of this verse is Daniel: *Thesaurus hymnologicus*, V, 266. He got it from Schlosser: *Lieder der Kirche*, I, 416, who says it was repeated to him by his brother in 1812. Daniel confesses that he cannot trace it. D. Comparetti quotes it from Daniel (*Virgilio nel medio evo*, I, cap. VII ed. 2, Florence, 1896, p. 132), and denies that it is still sung at the Mass of St. Paul at

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Mantua. In Vol. II, p. 94, he quotes a fragment of the same poem in French, from the *Image du Monde* of 1245 :

Ah! se je t'éusse trouvé  
Que je t'éusse à Dieu donné.

From Comparetti the Latin fragment passed to Sellar's *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*, and so to almost every book on Virgil. But what is its original source, what authority is there for the assertion that these lines are part of a Sequence, and where is the rest of it ? A. F.

OF discussion about the authorship of the fourth Gospel it seems that there will be no end. Yet all that there is to say on either side has been said so often already ; is it worth while to publish any more on the subject ? Anyone who wants to see the case for or against the authorship of St. John the Apostle can find it explained at full length, with all the texts that bear on the question and the rival explanations of these texts, in many works already. Shall we say, as the latest statements, Loisy against, and M. Lepin's answer for the defence ? This would argue that there is no need of further literature on the fourth Gospel, at any rate unless some new document turns up. How often already have the witnesses of Eusebius, Origen (including Polycarp), the Monarchian Prologue, Muratorian Canon, Clement of Alexandria, Polycrates of Ephesus (with his strange *petalon*) been discussed, and every word in these texts weighed ? Above all, how can anyone say anything about the crucial text of Papias (in Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.*, III, 39) that has not been said already ? Yet, in spite of strong natural prejudice against the need of any further statement of the position of either side in this old controversy, it cannot be denied that Mr. H. Latimer Jackson, in *The Problem of the Fourth Gospel* (Cambridge University Press), has done his work remarkably well. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, after so much of the same kind that has gone before, he has given us the best short work on the question, at least from one point of view, that has yet appeared

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in English. His book is short, very well written, most clear and readable. It is printed with beautiful accuracy (in quotations from many languages we have not found a misprint), pleasant to hold and handle. It gives an excellent statement of what is to be said, and not only as far as the author's views are concerned; those of people with whom he disagrees are represented with scrupulous fairness. It is evidently the result of long study and wide reading. The author is justified in his reference to his "heavily documented pages"; indeed he seems to know all the literature that counts; out of so great a mass of erudition he has succeeded in composing an admirable short statement of results.

It is with regret that we must next register the fact that Mr. Latimer Jackson's conclusions are not ours. After weighing the arguments he declares against St. John's authorship. Yet he is so reasonable in his statement, so fair in his exposition, that we would not call him an opponent. The Catholic, too, will learn much from this book. It is of value to have the case against our position explained so clearly. But the book has real value beyond this. Mr. Jackson is not of those who dismiss the traditional views with contempt. In every case he states them accurately, even with sympathy. He tries always to give full weight to what has been said on our side; in many cases he himself decides for our point of view, though not in the main issue. Thus, he answers the difficulty that Caiaphas is the High Priest "that year," much as we should; he states the case for the claim of the Evangelist to be the Apostle John so fairly that in his pages, too, it is seen to be very strong; he sees and notes the force of the way the Beloved Disciple is coupled with Peter in the fourth Gospel, just as the son of Zebedee is in the Synoptics; he admits that the fourth Evangelist was a Jew, probably of Palestine; that he knows the geography of the Holy Land well, though, Mr. Jackson thinks, he is less at home with political and ecclesiastical circumstances of our Lord's time; he has the keenest sense of the Evangelist's claims as a religious genius, a true

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interpreter of Christ to us, a man "whether eye witness or not, linked in spiritual affinity with Jesus." When we add that Mr. Jackson finally decides for the first decade of the second century as the most probable date of the Gospel, it will be seen that his views are not far removed from those of students who take the last step in the process of criticizing the critics, and come back, at last, to what was the belief of the Christian world from Irenæus to the end of the Eighteenth Century, that this man, who has so wonderfully interpreted Christ to the world, who, in his "spiritual" Gospel (Clem. Alex., in Eusebius, VI, 14), has given to Christians the figure of Christ that we know best and love most, is no other than the Beloved Disciple, and that this is John the son of Zebedee.

But let us see Mr. Jackson's conclusions. His first chapter discusses the state of the question, very fairly, and gives a short account of the history of attacks on the authorship of John, beginning with Evanson in 1792. Then, for the date, provisionally he gives as extremes, not later than 180 in any case (since Irenæus and Heracleon knew the Gospel), not earlier than the last of the Synoptics (about 75-80). In Chapter III, on authorship in tradition, we have the usual authorities from Papias to Eusebius. Mr. Jackson considers that there are certainly two Johns in the Papias fragment. He hardly discusses the possibility that these two be one. Internal evidence brings us to the question who was the Beloved Disciple. In an appendix (Excursus II) the author discusses this question further. He mentions various views, including the insane idea of Noack, that the Beloved Disciple is—Judas Iscariot. If one is going to be singular, it is as well to do the thing thoroughly. Mr. Jackson's own idea is that it is not the Apostle John; he allows for the possibility that the Beloved Disciple may be an imaginary figure, but inclines himself to the view that it is the rich young man in the Synoptics, whom our Lord loved. He does not admit that the Evangelist claims to be the Apostle John. A great part of the work then discusses

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the alleged differences between the fourth Gospel and the others. In this part the author is always temperate and reasonable ; indeed, he points out how these differences, at least in some cases, have been exaggerated. He insists on the different atmosphere of the fourth Gospel : " To turn from the Synoptics to the Fourth Gospel is to breathe another atmosphere, to be transported to another world . . . the world, to a certainty, of Greek life and thought ; the world of Asia Minor, of Ephesus." We all admit this. Here he quotes a clever remark of J. Reville : " The fourth Evangelist is the Plato of his Socrates, not the Xenophon." For the date he settles finally on 90 or 100 to 125. The Gospel is Ephesian, perhaps written, perhaps inspired in its main structure (for he takes out the last chapter, perhaps the Prologue, and some other passages) by the Beloved Disciple. Mr. Jackson's last chapter is about our present needs, with quotations of Mr. Lloyd George, and some remarks about the war, such as everyone thinks it necessary to add to a book on any subject nowadays. Perhaps some day a critic will prove that his last chapter is an irrelevant later addition to his book.

In spite of real appreciation of Mr. Jackson's scholarly work, we must note that between his point of view and ours a great gulf is fixed ; for his views are almost entirely Rationalistic (this is not meant as a term of abuse, but simply to express them in one word). He thinks that, if the fourth Evangelist has corrected and altered the material of the Synoptics, it is only what Matthew and Luke had already done with Mark. He treats his text, all through, just as all Rationalists treat it ; he does not even think the Virgin Birth essential. He thinks that the traditional identification of the Beloved Disciple with the Apostle comes from our inveterate habit of reading the Gospels as one work, by which he means reading them as if they were bound to agree. That Mr. Jackson is an Anglican clergyman does not make his position surprising. But it is strange that he does not see that his Rationalizing attitude takes away the force of much that he says against the authorship of the Apostle. For most of his reasons

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against this are internal. If the other Evangelists could, more or less, play havoc with their material, why could not St. John?

We cannot, of course, go through the whole work and discuss the many points on which we must differ from the author. But there is one about which a word may be said. Mr. Jackson has no doubt that in the Papias fragment (Eusebius, III, 39) the second John (the Presbyter) is a different person from the first. A good deal hangs on this; for the fragment is almost the only evidence of any kind for the existence of a Presbyter John at Ephesus, distinct from the Apostle. Now it may be urged that, on the contrary, the two Johns here are exactly the same person; though Eusebius, for his controversial purpose (about the Apocalypse) denies it. First, there is no reason to suppose that the Presbyters at the beginning of the passage are disciples of the Apostles; they are the Apostles themselves. Otherwise, if Papias means that he asked people who knew the presbyters to say what these presbyters had said the Apostles had told them, we must suppose the same structure in the second part. But, in the second part, ἀνέκρινον governs "what Aristion and John the Elder say" directly. Ἀνέκρινον means "I investigated, examined." First he says that he investigated what the Presbyters, that is Andrew, Peter, Philip, Thomas, James, John, Matthew had said (εἶπεν), by inquiring of people who had known them. Τί Ἀνδρέας ἢ τί Πέτρος εἶπεν is in direct apposition to τοὺς τῶν πρεσβυτέρων λόγους. The Apostles *are* the Presbyters. Then, besides this second-hand information he went straight to Aristion and John and heard what they say (λέγουσιν, in the present). Aristion and John were both disciples of the Lord, but only John was an Apostle; so he distinguishes him from Aristion by giving him alone the title he has given above to the other Apostles. He is John the Presbyter, as Andrew, Peter, etc., are Presbyters. He gives exactly the same titles to John as to the other Apostles, distinguishing him from Aristion. He mentions St. John twice, simply because the first time he is saying

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that he had information about him, and the other Apostles, at second-hand; then he adds that he also heard John himself. If this is seen, that there are no two Johns in Papias, the theory of a special Presbyter John, distinct from the Apostle, will disappear. Then we have good evidence for the Apostle at Ephesus; which brings him very near to the Gospel. Add to this that the date of the Gospel is, admittedly, very near to the Apostle's time, and there remains no difficulty in acknowledging the unanimous tradition, from Irenæus down. The Gospel was written by a Jew of Palestine at Ephesus, at any rate not much later than the year 100; it was written by a man who (in spite of Mr. Jackson) does claim plainly that he knew Christ intimately (John i. 14; 1 John i. 1; Gospel, xxi. 20, 24). The son of Zebedee was a Jew of Palestine who had known Christ intimately, who lived at Ephesus and lived to a great age there. The atmosphere of his Gospel is special to him because he wrote much later than the other Evangelists, for a Greek public.

A. F.



